

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES.

*["I have once more to remark upon the devotion to duty, courage, and contempt of danger which has characterized the work of the Chaplains of the Army throughout this campaign."—SIR JOHN FRENCH in the Neuve Chapelle Despatch.]*

Ambassador of Christ you go  
Up to the very gates of Hell,  
Through fog of powder, storm of shell,  
To speak your Master's message: "Lo,  
The Prince of Peace is with you still,  
His peace be with you, His goodwill."

It is not small, your priesthood's  
price,  
To be a man and yet stand by,  
To hold your life whilst others die,  
To bless, not share the sacrifice,  
To watch the strife and take no part—  
You with the fire at your heart.

But yours, for our great Captain  
Christ  
To know the sweat of agony,  
The darkness of Gethsemane,  
In anguish for these souls unpriced.  
Vicegerent of God's pity you,  
A sword must pierce your own soul  
through.

In the pale gleam of new-born day  
Apart in some tree-shadowed place,  
Your altar but a packing-case,  
Rude as the shed where Mary lay,  
Your sanctuary the rain-drenched sod,  
You bring the kneeling soldier God.

As sentinel you guard the gate  
"Twixt life and death, and unto death  
Speed the brave soul whose failing  
breath  
Shudders not at the grip of Fate,  
But answers, gallant to the end,  
"Christ is the Word—and I His  
friend."

Then God go with you, priest of God,  
For all is well and shall be well.  
What though you tread the roads of  
Hell,  
Your Captain these same ways has  
trod.

Above the anguish and the loss  
Still floats the ensign of His Cross.  
The Spectator. W. M. Letts.

## THE OUZEL'S SONG.

I hear a music in the air  
As I pass down the little valley,  
I hope to see the Naiad there,  
And so beside the reeds I dally.  
It is the water brawling, brawling.  
It is the ouzel calling, calling.  
Bird and stream  
One singer seem,  
Two notes as one are falling,  
falling.

Right merry is the woodland's voice,  
Sweet is the piping of the Dryad,  
The breezes in the reeds rejoice,  
But sweetest is the laughing Naiad.  
Hark to the wavelets singing,  
singing.  
Hark to the ouzel ringing, ring-  
ing.  
Silver chimes  
And merry rhymes  
Together they are bringing, bring-  
ing.

Oh, ripple, whisper in her ear,  
"I love but you." Lo, from the  
river  
An answer do I seem to hear,  
"I love you ever, ever, ever."  
Is it the streamlet sighing, sigh-  
ing?  
Is it the ouzel crying, crying?  
Can the breeze  
Amid the trees  
Repeat, "For you I'm dying, dy-  
ing"?

She laughs in every lapping wave,  
She flings the foam flakes far above  
her,  
She sleeps within a secret cave,  
And dreams, I hope, of me, her lover.  
Oh, watch the fountain welling,  
welling.  
Oh, hear the ouzel telling, telling  
To the wood  
That love is good;  
His is a music all-excelling.

H. Fielding-Hall.

The Saturday Review.

## THE FOLLY OF EARLY OFFERS OF PEACE.

The national unity which marked our conduct of the war during the first six months has of late been marked by certain ominous signs. Pleasure-seekers are clamoring for "sport as usual"; strikes have taken place, even in trades necessary to the Army and Navy; and certain peace-enthusiasts have deemed this a fit time to urge the offer of moderate terms at some early date, left conveniently vague. In different ways these incidents point to a slackening of the national fibre, doubtless due largely to the absence of the more virile elements in the field or camp. It is not well to take too seriously this hazy talk about peace, but I propose to point out briefly some reasons why it tells against the very cause which those advocates believe they are furthering.

Firstly, if any further evidence is needed to convince us of the justice of our cause, it is supplied by the recently published *Rotbuch* of the Austrian Government, which attests the sincerity of the efforts of Sir Edward Grey to avert war, and the resolve of the two Germanic Empires to go their own way regardless of consequences. Austria's aggressive acts against Serbia are represented as "thoroughly conservative," and Serbia's acceptance of the Viennese demands of July 23rd is scouted as a mere device for influencing public opinion! The documents published in this volume are suspiciously meagre; none whatever appear for August 3rd; and no reference is vouchsafed to Austria's previous effort for conciliation with Russia, which Germany thwarted by the precipitate offer, on July 31st, of her ultimatum at Petrograd and Paris. With the exception of the German *Weissbuch*, a weaker case for starting a war has never seen the light. The

*Rotbuch* completes the circle of proof as to the pacific character of British policy and the bellicose aims of the Central Powers. Despite the frantic efforts of German agents or sympathizers, the policy of Berlin and Vienna stands condemned by its own admissions. We may congratulate Austrian officials on the timely publication of their selected documents. While a few voices here are bleating forth appeals for a speedy peace, the statecraft of Vienna has supplied one more reason for a fight to a finish.

One line of pacifist suggestion is that the German people is not deeply infected by the militarist notions of the school of Bernhardi, as they are both recent and shallow-rooted. It is impossible to accept this opinion. Granting that Bernhardi's views were set forth only in 1911, it is certain that they were very widely held long before; and since 1911 they have captured almost the whole of the German Press. The failure of the Reichstag and of German Liberals to repair the gross injustice of the military courts respecting the Zabern outrage marked the utter collapse of civilian influence in Germany. But its decline can be traced from 1870, when the Prussianizing of German thought began apace. In Prussia, militarist notions date from the time of the Great Elector (1640-1688), and Frederick William I. (1713-1740). We may note here some of the ideas which the chief aggrandizers of Prussia, Frederick the Great and Bismarck, grafted on to the national life. In his *Histoire de mon Temps*, Frederick bequeathed advice which has deeply influenced his country. He ascribed his success over Russia, Austria, and France, in the Seven Years' War, to the adoption of a timely and vigorous offensive, and to

ceaseless attack on his enemies from the central positions, Brandenburg and Saxony. As for his enemies, they were soft and sluggish. More than once Austria failed to deal him the *coup de grâce* because her conduct was "too refined and subtle." Russia also was tardy and unenterprising. In his will, drawn up in the crisis of 1758, he bade his brother, Prince Henry, fight on; for then the enemy would be worn out and propose terms. Ultimately, this heroic persistence triumphed over foes disunited by his skill and wearied by his steel-like resolve. The unprincipled seizure of neutral Saxony in 1756 set the example which the Kaiser has copied, with new refinements of cruelty, in the present war. But Frederick's policy furnished a model in other respects. It emboldened Germany to face with confidence a war on both fronts, east and west, provided that she struck the first blows and gained favorable positions. That done, courage and doggedness would maintain her first triumphs. Above all, Frederick inspired his successors with a passion for thoroughness both in peace and war, witness his motto—"Never maltreat an enemy by halves."

The policy of Bismarck during the Franco-German War was very similar. On August 22nd, 1870, four days after Gravelotte, he declared that Germany must acquire Alsace and Metz as guarantees against a French war of revenge. A pecuniary indemnity would not suffice. The resentment of the conquered was not worth considering. How different from his prudent clemency to Austria in 1866 are these words:—"An enemy who cannot be turned into a friend by generous treatment must be rendered permanently harmless." On August 28th he scoffed at the counsels of magnanimity suggested by the foreign Press, and declared that France must be weakened for ever, her aggressiveness

being due to "the incurable, ineradicable arrogance of that portion of the French people which gives the tone to France." Similar motives led Moltke and Bismarck to reject all appeals for generous treatment to the vanquished at Sedan. With victory, the Chancellor became more violent. He urged the utmost rigor, not only towards Paris, but towards prisoners. "Why do we take so many prisoners?" he exclaimed many times over; and the mention of *franc-tireurs* made him rave. Not that he was bloodthirsty by nature. His recently published letters to his wife breathed a religiosity worthy of Samuel. But he had persuaded himself that ruthlessness alone would end the war promptly before some neutral Powers intervened.

Very significant was his growing truculence towards Great Britain. In October, 1870, he had commended her for not joining Austria in a few faint proposals for mediation. But in January, 1871, when the German demands from the struggling Republic aroused lively indignation in these islands, he stormed at the London Press for its change of tone. In words which may have inspired a recent reckless charge against Sir Edward Grey, he accused Great Britain of having caused the war of 1870, because at its commencement she might have said to Napoleon III.—"Don't fight"—and he would not have fought! Finally, on January 25th, when the fall of Paris was certain, he gave free rein to his Anglo-phobia, on the occasion of an unimportant blockade incident:—

"What swine! They are full of vexation and envy because we have fought great battles here and have won them. . . . They have never been well disposed towards us, and have always done their utmost to injure us."

But perhaps the most illuminating of his statements is the following:—

"The Germans are all right when



they are united by compulsion or anger; then they are excellent, irresistible, invincible; otherwise every man 'gangs his ain gait.'"<sup>1</sup>

Pride, rancor, and a resolve to smash down resistance at all costs became more and more the dominant characteristics of German officers during the astounding triumphs of 1870-1. Sir Robert Morier, in the course of a visit to the German headquarters, noted with alarm the increase of arrogance among those whom he had previously known, and he prophesied the growth of political difficulties for the new Empire from the growth of a domineering military spirit. The forecast has come only too true. We are face to face with a nation which became dizzy with triumph in the three wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870. Force, carefully organized, swiftly exercised, and thoroughly pushed home, gained successes, which, for their suddenness and brilliance, surpass all that Napoleon the Great ever achieved. Consequently, the present generation of Germans has grown up in the confident belief that a war, if skilfully prepared and remorselessly waged, must yield both glory and profit. The Junker class has vastly increased its power since 1860, and the people have reaped material benefits that made up for the loss of the political liberties so highly prized before the war of 1866. That campaign, ending with a pleasant summer promenade through Bohemia, consolidated the power of the Prussian bureaucracy and enervated Prussian Liberalism; and these tendencies were furthered by the astounding triumphs of 1870. The wars of 1864, 1866, 1870 were the most profitable of investments; and the generation then growing up (the Kaiser's generation) imbibed notions as fatal to peace as those with which

Louis XIV. and the two Napoleons imbued France. The vertigo of constant victory generally produces the same results, witness the vaunt of Bonaparte to Talleyrand after the conquest of Italy in 1797:—

"If we take, as the basis of all operations, true policy, *which is nothing else than the calculation of combinations and chances*, we shall long remain *la grande nation*, the arbiter of Europe."

Such was the spirit which led on to Austerlitz, Jena, Borodino—and Waterloo. Those who have studied recent events and compared them with the Napoleonic *épopée* can scarcely avoid the conclusion that the Kaiser and his people must experience their Waterloo before peace can be assured, as it was a century ago.

For an opportunism far more cynical than that of Napoleon I. has now plunged Europe into war. By a shrewd "calculation of combinations and chances," Germany caught her political rivals in an unparalleled state of confusion and unpreparedness at the end of July, 1914. The result is a ruined Belgium, a Turkey driven to her doom, civilization wrecked, international law trampled under foot. But the desperate game has been played with a large measure of success. The men of Berlin have accurately assessed the value of a dashing and sustained offensive. It is probably greater than ever it was. For the Power which disposes of vast forces, absolutely prepared and equipped with all the means of transport that steam and petrol supply, can hurl forward immense masses at a speed previously undreamt of; and the ground thus gained in the first rush can be held by the devices now confronting the Allies—hundreds of miles of trenches, strengthened by barbed wire and machine guns. To seize two great defensive positions, running from the Vosges to

<sup>1</sup> Busch, "Bismarck in the Franco-German War," Vol. I., pp. 41, 48, 71, 123, 233, 333; II., 285; "Bismarck, Some Secret Pages of his History," Vol. I., p. 500.

the North Sea and from the Carpathians to the Baltic, such was obviously the aim of the German Staff; that is, in default of the capture of Paris and Warsaw. These two great defensive lines they have seized and fortified. Consequently, even after the failure of their highest hopes, they have occupied positions on the Allies' territories, whence they can be expelled only by efforts unparalleled in the history of war.

The question, therefore, is whether two military Empires, which relied on the effect of a rapid and overwhelming offensive, shall be allowed to reap the advantages thus gained, without suffering in their turn the merited retribution; whether reliance on mechanical appliances shall prove to be more potent than treaty-faith, in which Great Britain and Belgium have too long trusted; whether preparedness for war shall decide the main issues of war. The problem is the most important which the modern world has confronted. Owing to the progress of the mechanical sciences, engines of destruction dominate the situation to an unparalleled extent; and the Power which amasses them with a view to swift and remorseless use secures an initial advantage such as has never been known. For, along with the growth of the means of wholesale slaughter, there has grown, especially in the Western part of Europe, a sense of horror at the havoc which they inflict; and it is on this humanitarian sentiment that the German Government has traded. Early in the war an Alsatian heard German officers boast: "We shall tame them by terror."<sup>2</sup> The only effective retort is to subject the terrorists, and part at least of their deluded countrymen, to the pressure of legitimate warfare by invasion. Prussia has never experienced an invasion since 1813. Now, unfortunately, it be-

comes a dire necessity that she shall undergo some of those experiences which in turn she has inflicted upon all her neighbors. To a nation mad with ambition and dizzy with triumph the mere expression of indignation at outrages is as naught. Unless they actually suffer in their internal life, unless they see some of their cities occupied by foreign troops, the indignation of mankind will be a matter for scornful jesting; and the German General Staff will more than ever trust in machinery and terrorism. Only as the nations now threatened can win a decisive victory will they end the *régime* of mechanical force which has won so menacing an ascendancy. Only so will Geneva Conventions and Hague Congresses regain the sanctity and influence which have of late been so atrociously cut short.

There is this further consideration. When the Junker class is smitten to the earth, its own subjects will in all probability gain courage to shake off the yoke. If we may judge from the pathetic docility of the middle and lower classes in Germany, no decisive change will take place save after a crushing defeat. Then, as the Prussians gained civic freedom after Jena and Friedland; as the French gained political liberty after Sedan; so, too, the complete defeat of the dominant caste at Berlin will probably inaugurate a new and happier future for that people. It is an elementary blunder to suppose that a great nation cannot profit from disaster. Nearly all that is best in the life of Prussia and France dates from the periods of humiliation, 1807-13 and 1871-5. Therefore, we ought to persevere with this war and carry it to so decisive an issue that never again will the Germans threaten the independence of neighboring peoples, but will ever set first and foremost the perfecting of their own national life. That careful student of

<sup>2</sup> "La Revue hebdomadaire," March 6th, 1915, p. 8.

German affairs, Mr. W. H. Dawson, declares, near the end of his recent work, *What is Wrong with Germany?*: "For the German people victory in this war would be infinitely more disastrous than defeat."

These considerations are left entirely on one side by the pacifists. Relying on the horror of war, which all well-wishers of mankind must entertain, these idealists argue as though the dominant classes in Germany were animated by that same lofty spirit; as though the fortunes of mankind in the twentieth century could not depend on war. Unfortunately, Germany has put back the hands of the clock by more than a century. We are confronted by three despotisms—those of Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople—which rely on martial spirit and fanaticism. Together, they constitute a more serious menace than Napoleon I. ever offered. The statesman and thinker of to-day, therefore, have to deal with a statecraft and a national psychology closely analogous to that of France before she suffered the loss of *la Grande Armée* in Russia. For the two Kaisers and the Sultan substitute Napoleon as he was early in 1812, and the situation becomes clear. To argue in the spirit which, we may hope, will prevail in the not distant future, is altogether fallacious. The despotic aggressors must be absolutely beaten before there can be hope of a lasting peace.

That is the outstanding lesson of our wars against Louis XIV. and Napoleon. At intervals of about a century we have had to bestir ourselves in order to save Europe from a menacing militarism. In 1702 Louis XIV., in 1803 Napoleon, in 1914 William II., made peace impossible. To some extent the causes of the ruptures were similar. The War Lords could not believe that "the nation of shopkeepers" would at all costs uphold its rights and obligations. They went on their way

utterly regardless of the warnings that came from London, and were equally surprised at the unexpected spirit with which a peaceful and unprepared people resolved to intervene. The rage of the Kaiser and of his Chancellor resembles that of Napoleon in May, 1803, which led to the then unheard-of measure of imprisoning all British travellers and residents in France. Now, just as the causes of the three wars present some analogies, so, we may hope, the courses of those struggles will be similar in this respect, that the British people will never consent to sheathe the sword until it has shorn asunder the power of the aggressor. Only so can an essentially peace-loving people give free rein to its insular instincts. To refrain from hostilities until the call is imperative, but, once embarked, to complete the quest with unflagging energy and persistence, these are the sole conditions on which the United Kingdom can lead its own peculiar life. If we refuse to adopt the military measures which our Continental neighbors have long ago adopted; if we adhere to our easy-going ways, we shall assure safety in the future only by showing that we can be terrible in the later part of a war; that by doggedness, depth of purse, and sea-power we can exhaust enemies who beat us in the first campaign. To falter and talk about peace after eight months of inconclusive warfare is to give the lie to the most patent lessons of experience; it will both weaken the trust which our Allies have hitherto deservedly placed in us, and lessen the influence which we ought to wield for good at the final pacification.

Above all, these misguided efforts will cause malicious joy at Berlin. Contempt of England, and overweening confidence that a distracted Liberal Government would never draw the sword, led the Kaiser and his coun-

sellors hopelessly astray, as appeared in their bewildered rage on August 4th, 1914, at discovering that our sense of honor and national spirit were not dead. But the contempt will revive so soon as the pacifist propaganda makes headway in our midst; and the men of blood and iron will represent this outcrop of humanitarian sentiment as a sign of degeneracy and cowardice. Already they have sought to sow dissensions among the Allies by representing us as spiritless self-seekers, who are doing little, and will soon back out of the war with full pockets. In a recent Hamburg caricature, England figures as a sleek tradesman who, to the question—"When will the war end?" makes reply—"When there are no more *allied* troops." The only fit retort to these insidious slanders is to persevere without wavering in the good cause; to undergo gladly, if need be, sacrifices as great as those which France and Russia proudly endure; above all, never to talk of peace until we have borne our full share of the efforts which alone can assure the reality of peace.

Curiously enough, the alternative of a precarious truce or of the sharp decision of arms was hotly discussed in Parliament just a century ago. On April 28th, 1815, not long after Napoleon's resumption of authority at Paris, Whitbread and other Whigs strongly opposed the adoption of hostile measures against him; but the House of Commons by a large majority decided that the overthrow of his rule, which long experience had shown to be aggressive, was preferable to the mere armistice which must otherwise ensue; that good faith to our Allies, as pledged in the recent Treaty of Chaumont, bound us to vigorous action, in default of which we should be despised by them and be exposed to an attack from "the usurper," when his rule was fully es-

tablished. In his Diary, Crabb Robinson thus etched the situation: "The question is, peace with Bonaparte now, or war with him in Germany two years hence?" Even the peace-loving Wilberforce felt the force of these arguments; for "if Bonaparte could be unhorsed, it would, humanly speaking, be a blessing to the European world." Exactly so. If he had not been unhorsed, would Europe have enjoyed forty years of almost unbroken peace? It is the decisive triumphs (if crowned by wise statesmanship) which lead to stable equilibrium. Defective though the Treaties of Vienna of 1815 were at many points, they left France not utterly humiliated: but she knew that she was decisively beaten, and therefore she ceased to be a menace to Europe. As a rule, the more complete the triumph, the longer the time of peace; while contests that are drawn quickly lead to other contests. Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) and Amiens (1802) merely patched up the quarrels which they ought to have solved. On grounds of humanity and economy it would have been far better to have fought out those wars to decisive issues rather than have ended them by compromises, which settled nothing and convinced nobody. If that can justly be urged against the patchwork treaties of 1748 and 1802, how much more can it be urged against offers of peace to our enemy now, when he is still swollen with the arrogance of fancied triumph?

Moreover, democracy in Europe has yet to prove that it can carry through triumphantly a great and prolonged struggle. In 1793-1802, the French Republic prevailed, but only by adopting despotic methods fatal to its existence. Hitherto autocracy has proved to be far more efficient for the conduct of hostilities; and the Prussian Progressives, by condoning the illegal acts of William I. and Bismarck during "the conflict time" (1861-1866), virtually

admitted the superior efficacy of despotic methods for warlike purposes. As for France, despite all the warnings of recent years, she was caught last July in a state of muddle, which led to the loss of Belgium, and, very nearly, of Paris itself. The tendency of democrats to fritter away the energies of the State in factious strifes and personal recriminations was never more glaring than when the German autocracy was secretly preparing its terrific *coup*. And the United Kingdom cannot reproach its neighbor on this score. Those who may, and will, reproach them and us are the Belgian people, the victims alike of German greed and of French and British unpreparedness. Even after eight months of war, the two democratic peoples have failed to rescue those who so pathetically placed their trust in them. Democracy will be disgraced if it fails soon to rescue Belgium from her long agony, and to make it impossible for Germany to repeat her criminal attempt. Free institutions are on their trial. And yet this time, of all times, is chosen by a handful of enthusiasts to suggest that Great Britain, which has hitherto failed to redeem its promise to Belgium, shall offer terms of peace to the successful aggressor. The suggestion stultifies not only the proposers, but also the democratic form of government. It also comes with especially bad grace from Britons; for we were last in the field, we have hitherto suffered little by comparison with our Allies, and at this time we hold only about one-thirtieth part of the total immense fronts in the western and eastern theatres of war. When our New Army has delivered smashing blows on German soil; when our Fleet has closed its throttling grip; then will be time to think about negotiations. But, even then, a sense of decency ought to impose on us some degree of reserve, un-

til France and Russia, the chief sufferers by the war, have manifested their intentions. The unwritten but binding code of honor in these matters ordains that the influence of Allies, during the negotiations, shall be in proportion to what each of them has achieved during the war. It is, therefore, a piece of impertinence for a few busybodies, who have done nothing whatever, to interfere in matters which must largely be decided by the several achievements of the allied armies and fleets. Both for our national credit and in the interests of democracy, the British people will, it is to be hoped, emulate the silence of the peoples of France and Russia. There everyone is working heart and soul to ensure success in the war. At Paris the dangers of faction have been laid to heart. Russian democrats, also, have shown marvellous trust in the Government, which has done so little for them. M. Aladin, leader of the Labor Party in the first Russian Duma, said, in a recent lecture at Cambridge on "Russia and the War":—

"The Russian democracy never hesitated for a single second, never varied, never bargained nor tried to put any conditions to the Government. They gave all their force and influence to the men who at the moment stood at the helm."

That is the spirit which not only ensures success, but helps to shorten a war; and, only as British democrats, one and all, act in the same determined and practical way, will they help their country to achieve a speedy and decisive triumph.

For, be it remembered, only by such a triumph can international law be reaffirmed. One of the most disappointing features in this struggle is the extraordinary passivity of the neutrals, even when confronted by violations of the codes to which they were parties. Naturally, the smaller States near



Germany could not protest against those violations, for fear of punishment. Italy and Spain, also, have some reasons for reticence. But there were two potentates who could both safely and fitly have expressed indignation at the wanton outrages of the Teutons in Belgium and against neutral shipping. The Pope and President Wilson were in a position to speak forth.

"O, that my tongue were in the  
thunder's mouth,  
Then with a passion would I shake  
the world."

So spake the injured Constance in *King John*. And the wrongs of Belgium ought surely to have inspired Pope or President to level at her violator the anathemas of mankind. But the brutalities of the aggressor have gone unchallenged, even by the signatories of the Hague Conventions, who professed to see in them the dawn of a new era. On the leading neutrals, then, must rest the responsibility for the postponement of that era. It rests with the Allies, with infinite toil and bloodshed, to build up again the fabric of international law and custom which the neutrals have tamely allowed to be overthrown.

Fear has been expressed that future Germany and her Allies may eventually be subjected to vindictive treatment. At present, we may retort, there is still some fear lest they may inflict it upon us. For the possibilities of schism in a league, where one of the members shows signs of restiveness or fatigue, are very great; and the politicians of Berlin may be trusted to utilize such opportunities to the full. Probably they will find indirect means for furthering the peace movement here and will then represent it at Paris and Petrograd as a proof of insular selfishness or cowardice. Germany's diplomacy possesses the cunning of malice; and, on the occasion

of a serious disaster, her appeals to the pity of mankind will doubtless lead to a movement here in favor of clemency. If so, she will at once misrepresent it to our Allies. Further, if any society or union draws up "moderate" offers of peace to her, she will also use it in order to sow dissensions. The problems at the end of the war are so appallingly complex as inevitably to arouse differences of opinion. All the more reason, then, for postponing as long as possible any statement, however unofficial it may be, which will play into the hands of our enemies. Treaty-framing will probably be a favorite handicraft in the following months. As a hobby of individuals, it is harmless. As the manifesto of a public society it will certainly be harmful.

That the Allies, if victorious, will extort vindictive terms of peace is an unwarranted assumption. Vindictiveness is not a characteristic of the French, Russian, and British peoples. If this wearisome war is carried through to the end, disgust at war will be so universal as to lead all responsible statesmen to avoid the mistake which made the Peace of 1871 so precarious. Rancor against France, as we have seen, prompted the action of Moltke and the military party, who finally pushed Bismarck further than he saw to be prudent in the case of Metz.<sup>3</sup> But forty-five years of armed peace have taught Europe the danger of vindictiveness; and it is unlikely that that mistake will be repeated. The influence of Great Britain will certainly be used on behalf of moderation. No school of the prophets needs arise to emphasize that claim. Since the time of Henry VIII. we have not intervened on the Continent with a view to aggrandizement, but rather for purposes of national security or

<sup>3</sup> Busch, "Bismarck and the Franco-German War," Vol. II., p. 341.

for the liberties of friendly States imperilled by great conquerors. Pitt set forth the ideal of British policy in his speech of June 7th, 1790, in which he deprecated untimely offers of peace to France:—

"Our simple object is security, just security, with a little mixture of indemnification. These are the legitimate objects of war at all times; and when we have attained that end, we are in a condition to derive from peace its beneficent advantages; but, until then, our duty and our interest require that we should persevere unappalled in the struggle to which we were provoked. We shall not be satisfied with a false security. War, with all its evils, is better than a peace in which there is nothing to be seen but usurpation and injustice, dwelling with savage delight on the humble, prostrate condition of some timid, suppliant people."

That was the spirit in which England had earlier confronted Louis XIV. and curbed his power. The same spirit animated the pupils of Pitt, who resisted Napoleon. True, they were criticised and opposed at times by well-meaning men who longed for peace; and those criticisms and divisions considerably encouraged the French Emperor, thereby conducing to a prolongation of the war. But the Government rightly refused to open negotiations until his power for offensive warfare was broken. The country supported this resolute policy even though the terrible years of 1810-11, until persistence and courage met with their due reward. The thoughts of Wellington and Castlereagh, as expressed in their letters dated Paris, August 11th and 17th, 1815, deserve to be recalled:—

"The Allies have no just right to make any material inroad on the Treaty of Paris [1814], although that treaty leaves France too strong in relation to other Powers; but I think I

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can show that the real interests of the Allies should lead them to adopt the measures which justice in this instance requires from them. . . . In my opinion, then, we ought to continue our great object, the genuine peace and tranquillity of the world, in our view, and shape our arrangements so as to provide for it."

So, too, Castlereagh:—

"It is not our business to collect trophies, but to try if we can bring back the world to peaceful habits. I do not believe this to be compatible with any attempt now materially and permanently to affect the territorial character of France as settled by the Peace of Paris. Neither do I think it a clear case (if we can, by imposing a strait waistcoat upon that Power for a number of years, restore her to ordinary habits, and, weighing the extraordinary growth of other States in latter times, especially Russia) that France, even with her existing dimensions, may not be found a useful rather than a dangerous member of the European System."

Except in regard to the prescription of a strait waistcoat (military occupation), which is questionable, the above passages outline the true line of policy for 1915 or 1916. It should take a middle course between hardness and flabbiness, between revenge and undue complaisance. They, surely, are wrong who would seek permanently to humiliate the German nation. Equally mistaken are they who advocate a hasty and imperfect settlement. It was only after Waterloo that British statesmen advised a generous treatment of our enemy. Their conduct was inspired by the truly imperial instinct of wise restraint in the hour of victory which prompted the appeal of Vergil to the Roman people:—

*"Hæc tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."*

*J. Holland Rose.*

## THE OUTLOOK FOR NEUTRALS.

The present war has brought to light great changes in international law. Some of its very foundations have been shaken; and, though the outlook is still uncertain, there cannot be a return to the old order. The ordinary sanction of international law—the open disapprobation by mankind of offences against it—was known to be weak; it proves to be much weaker than it was once supposed to be. There have been other times when it was feeble. We have to go back far to find times in which it had less strength than now—perhaps to revert more than a hundred years ago, when Napoleon was at the height of his power. Of the chief postulates of international law, the first is the existence of a stable society of States formed by comity or necessity. To-day, it would seem to be doing violence to language to speak of a family of nations, or of the existence of the *maxima civitas* of Europe. There is no united action for the protection of general interests, and the hope of such is for the time being somewhat visionary. Among neutral States exists no unity of purpose. They have different policies, hopes, and fears. Their subjects are divided in sympathy. Common action seems impossible. Combinations similar to the Armed Neutrality of 1780 or 1800 seem impracticable. Motives of interest or apprehensions have led to condonation or extenuation of the worst conduct, or, what is little better, silence with respect to it. Among the other postulates of international law is the prevalence of a general desire to maintain the existing political order. The late Professor Westlake observed: "If a number of States attempted to live with no common sentiment at the back of their mutual claims sufficient to

secure some regularity and impose some limits with regard to them, disorder and violence would reign unchecked by any social bond": a supposition not unlike the actual state of things. The so-called rules of war, which have of late been often violated, assume the existence of a certain degree of self-control and moderation on the part of combatants, and their observance depends upon the passions which are aroused, the issues at stake, and no doubt, also, upon the duration of hostilities, for long wars too surely breed bitterness and cruelty. In a modern war, with one whole people fighting against another for existence, carried on without intermission for months, with bystanders inciting the passions of men, the likelihood of these rules being observed is greatly diminished.

The present war was only in its early stages when it was discovered that international law was in presence of circumstances very different from those of past wars; and among the many changes were these: (1) Great economical changes, particularly an enormous extension of international trade and of communication between countries on a scale hitherto unknown; (2) mutual dependence even for necessities of life; (3) the growth of manufacture in countries formerly purely agricultural, necessitating, *e.g.* in Germany, a large demand from abroad for raw material and for food stuffs; (4) by reason of railways and canals the growth of indirect communication between countries, goods reaching Germany or Austria, for example, by way of Holland, Italy, or Switzerland; (5) the substitution of liners of some thousand tons with varied cargoes, for sailing vessels of a few hundred tons. Simultaneously have come changes in

the methods of warfare and in weapons and in munitions of war. The army of a country is no longer sharply distinguished from its civil population; in the case of the great military States of the Continent, the latter potentially including the whole able-bodied males between certain areas, so that it became often impossible to say whether a particular cargo would be consumed by soldiers or civilians. Absolute contraband could no longer be discriminated with precision from conditional. More and more were articles in common use both in war and in industry; and as the struggle proceeded the use in the latter diminished, while in the former it increased. Thus, when cotton became, as it has become, the basis of almost all modern explosives, it tended to approximate to absolute contraband. Then, too, new weapons affected the usages of war. The submarine became, for the first time, truly formidable. The airship and the Zeppelin were introduced. The mine was employed freely and on a large scale as a weapon, to the detriment of neutrals as well as belligerents. A blockade as practised by Nelson or Collingwood off Toulon or Brest had become impracticable; the danger to the blockading vessels was too great. Great political changes were in progress or imminent. There was no stable equilibrium of Powers. There did not exist even the semblance of equality among the States of the world. The international political movements in Europe were directed by groups of the chief Powers united against each other.

But the greatest of all changes remains to be noted—the moral change, in the largest sense of the word. Modern psychology impresses the truth that the forces which insure normal obedience to municipal law come not from without but from within; the desire for order, the appreciation of

its benefits, the sense of justice, count in the long run for more than coercion. And when these wane, respect for law wanes also. This is peculiarly true of international law. Its maintenance, so far as it has been maintained in the past, has depended upon the prevalent sense in the community of nations of common interests, the love of peace, the decay of narrow tribal prejudices. Just as these new forces grew, international law was more and more observed. When these were overpowered by the prevalence of false national ideas, by the indulgence in dreams and aspirations of conquest and aggression, by the coarse unsatisfied appetites of nations, disguised and glorified under specious and captivating names, by flattery of national egotism, there came a weakening of international law; and in its place was a new barbarism, armed with all that science could supply, warfare going back to primitive savagery, but equipped with the appliances of civilization. We are familiar with somewhat similar changes in regard to municipal law. When new forces appear within a State and do not find an outlet or free play in constitutional channels, there is a revolution; when like changes take place in the relations of nations there is much the same. In times of tumult all municipal law is suspended; martial law, that is no law, takes its place. There is a danger when racial passions are roused of our witnessing much the same in the region of conduct which international law has hitherto, in some degree, regulated.

There have been such periods in the past. Three occur to me; and of these one at least seems very like the present. To name the first: When the old Hellenic world of State cities or small States, with their regal though imperfect international law, based on common *sittlichkeit*, language, traditions, and civilization, with their net-

work of treaties ensuring the settlement of differences by arbitration, was crushed by Macedonian and Roman conquerors, the reign of law between communities must have seemed to those who recalled the Hellas of the Age of Pericles, to have come to an end. Such, too, must have seemed the outlook to those who surveyed the dynastic wars, the purposeless strife, the contempt for treaties, the cynical disregard of rights unsupported by force, about the beginning of the eighteenth century.<sup>1</sup> With the then miserable conditions of international life, and the unchecked egotisms of rulers before him, Leibnitz, who had the prophetic gift in a degree given to few, predicted a break-up of the political order of Europe; he saw the French Revolution nearly a hundred years before it arrived. But the closest resemblance to the present situation is between the methods of warfare pursued by the Directory and Napoleon and those with which we are to-day familiar. There was then, as now, a belief in the efficacy of terribleness. Non-combatants were treated with unsparing severity. Vicarious and retaliatory punishments were freely used in Spain and Italy. The Directory and Napoleon claimed that they were spreading by the sword the benefits of a higher civilization. They offered not "Culture," but freedom, and the abolition of tyranny, the introduction of justice, reason, and humanity. There was a like campaign of hatred against the State which then stood between Napoleon and universal dominion. He

inundated Europe with declamations against British "navalism" and the tyranny of the sea. He had his retinue of tame professors who intoned hymns of adulation; and La Place, La Grange, and de Fontanes were at least the intellectual peers of Treitschke and Lasson. There was the same recurring menace of an invasion of England; "la descente" corresponded to "the day." Napoleon always insisted that the obstinacy of England was alone the cause of war, and all the evils it brought. He violated the neutrality of Venice and Tuscany and Switzerland, at the outset of his career, that of Susbach in his Ulm campaign, and that of Brunswick in the Jena campaign, and generally on the plea of military necessity. If he could not justify on that pretext his violation of neutrality to seize and shoot the Duke d'Enghien, he trumped up some incredible story of a conspiracy. The Berlin and Milan Decrees, with their supreme disregard of neutrals, resembled somewhat the recent proclamation of the German Government as to the so-called blockade of Great Britain; and the orders to destroy merchant vessels by submarine without notice and without providing for the safety of crews, recall orders of Napoleon in 1805 to sink all vessels which might give information as to the whereabouts of his fleet. It was the boast of his admirers that he had reduced to perfection the art of making his troops live at the expense of the countries invaded; an art of which there have been in the last few months startling examples.<sup>2</sup>

With these changes have come

<sup>1</sup> With reference to that time, Droysen, the historian of Prussia, remarks: ("Geschichte der Preussischen Politik," V. I., 6.) "Das Völkerrecht das die neue Gemeinschaft der christlichen Staatenwelt hatte ordnen und dauernd regeln sollen, blieb, so lange es nur in Verträgen zwischen den Staaten beschlossen war, noch nicht in der Gemeininteressen und Gemeinüberzeugungen der Völker ein eigenes Leben und ein gestaltendes Princip gewonnen hatte ein leeres Schema, unfähig die starken zu binden und die schwachen zu schützen; unreif wie es war, drängte sich überall die civilrechtliche Casuistik in die Fragen der öffentlichen Rechtes und der Politik mit ein."

<sup>2</sup> This policy of rapine was carried out to a prodigious extent. Alison puts the figures before the treaty of Campo Formio at £368,000,000; and he adds that this was not more than a third of what was extracted from Europe by the French armies during the Revolutionary War.—("Life of Castlereagh," II., 619.) The above comparison might be carried out in further detail. The submarine of today recalls Fulton's "plunging boat and torpedo to be used against England."—(Wheeler and Broadley's "Napoleon's Invasion," I., 303.)



others specially affecting neutrals; and of these I am inclined to think that the greatest has been the blow struck at a principle which seemed until lately to be firmly established. The freedom of the sea appeared one of the stable conquests of civilization. Grotius's tract, *Mare Liberum*, dates from 1609. The doctrine there expounded had triumphed over the pretensions of individual States to assert dominion over large parts of the ocean. It had come to be axiomatic that neutrals were free to navigate in peace and safety the open sea; that the right of "innocuous passage" extended even to territorial waters and straits, or other means of entry between oceans; that belligerents had no right to obstruct the commerce of neutrals. The *Jus navigandi* was one of the permanent assets of civilization.<sup>3</sup> "For more than two hundred and fifty years no European territorial marine waters which could be used as a thoroughfare, or into which vessels could accidentally stray or be driven, have been closed to commercial navigation; and since the beginning of the nineteenth century no such waters have been closed in any part of the world. The right, therefore, must be considered to be established in the most complete manner." All this is in effect now questioned. Belligerents claim, and enforce their claim, to sow mines in the open sea, and to tell neutrals that they enter at their peril into certain areas fixed for them by belligerents. What are to be the limits of those areas; what precautions, if any, are to be taken for the security of the vessels of neutrals; what warning or notice they are to receive—all that depends upon the good pleasure of the belligerent.<sup>4</sup> There is a new sea-law,

<sup>3</sup> "Hall," p. 158, 6th Ed.

<sup>4</sup> The change is the more remarkable because in 1907 the chief Powers signed a special Convention on the subject, designed to guard against perils to neutrals from the use of mines.

and it is becoming too much like the very oldest form, that is, none.

The next great change illustrative of the growing conflict between belligerents and neutrals relates to contraband. Here we witness an apparently irresistible evolution unfavorable to the latter. In Lord Stowell's time articles of contraband, whether enumerated in treaties or declared by judicial decisions, were few and readily distinguishable. Besides arms and munitions of war, they included commodities which might be useful for ships of war or privateers. The region of conditional or occasional contraband was narrow. It included only articles obviously intended for naval or military use—*e.g.*, stores shipped to a naval arsenal. If not so destined, they might be subject to pre-emption with freight to the ship. Long before the Declaration of London in 1907, when the matter was fully considered, this primitive simplicity was disappearing. The Powers adopted, by Article 24 of that instrument, two long lists of absolute and conditional contraband. By a series of proclamations, beginning with that of August 4th, 1914, large additions have been made to those lists.<sup>5</sup> To express the character of these changes in a sentence; the region common to absolute and conditional contraband increases. Modern war employs for its purposes more and more the resources, machinery, and instruments of peace. It takes over railways, telegraphs, motors, rubber, oil. It requires for its weapons copper and zinc, for its high explosives cotton and nitrate. And as a modern war proceeds and peaceful industries languish, articles which were used largely or almost exclusively for industrial purposes are employed mainly, or it may be almost exclusively, for military and naval purposes. In other words,

<sup>5</sup> A similar course was taken in France by the decrees of August 11th and October 3rd.

there is a tendency at the outset of war for certain articles to be placed in the category of conditional contraband, and subsequently to be transferred to the category of absolute contraband. It is a deplorable consequence; it means interference with the trade of neutrals which they did not experience when wars were carried on in a primitive fashion. But lamentable or not, it seems irresistible.

A further change as to contraband has been brought about by economical changes. According to the old doctrine an article could be contraband only when it was on its way to the port or territory of a belligerent; goods destined for a neutral port could not be such. That doctrine, some protection to neutrals, has long ago broken down, and in place of it we have the theory of continuous voyage, according to which the belligerents may look to the ultimate destination of goods, with the result that there is no longer the simple determining question, Was the destination of the ship a belligerent port or a neutral? It becomes necessary to inquire into the ultimate destination of the goods. It is relevant to examine the intention of the consignees. It becomes essential also to look beyond the ship's papers which once, in the absence of fraud, were deemed conclusive, with the result that there have been swept into the region of contraband many articles which, according to the old test, would have been excluded. Yet another change of consequence. In every naval war arises the question whether food going to the enemy country may be intercepted and seized. It is universally admitted that if provisions are intended for troops or a fleet, they are subject to seizure. In the view of Lord Stowell, if they were destined for a place which was a military or naval centre, presumption of their being used for armies or fleet was so strong

as to be irrefutable. Mr. Bryan quoted the other day the statement of Lord Salisbury during the South African war to this effect: "Foodstuffs, though having hostile destination, can be considered as contraband of war only if they are for the enemy forces. It is not sufficient that they are capable of being so used. It must be shown that that was, in fact, their destination at the time of their seizure." The United States Government accepted that statement as accurate; why did not our Government adhere to it? The cogent answer of Sir Edward Grey was:—

"The reason for drawing a distinction between foodstuffs intended for the civil population and those for the armed forces or enemy Government disappears when the distinction between the civil population and the armed forces itself disappears. In any country in which there exists such a tremendous organization for war as now obtains in Germany, there is no clear division between those whom the Government is responsible for feeding and those whom it is not. Experience shows that the power to requisition will be used to the fullest extent in order to make sure that the wants of the military are supplied, and however much goods may be imported for civil use it is by the military that they will be consumed if military exigencies require it, especially now that the German Government have taken control of all the foodstuffs in the country."

The experience of the present war warrants some conclusions affecting neutrals. First, it is clear that there is little probability of united action on the part of neutrals so as to insure the observance of certain rules of international law—not of all such rules, but of some, and these among the most important. No doubt the pecuniary interest of subjects of neutral States is often a powerful check upon high-handed acts by belligerents affecting trade. There is a strong probability that protests, often effective, will

be made against the improper extension of contraband, against "paper" blockades, against interference with navigation, against the seizure of so-called enemy property, really belonging to neutrals, and against the harsh treatment of neutral subjects resident in the territories of belligerents. In all such cases the direct pecuniary interest of private individuals, subjects of neutral States, is some sort of safeguard. We may also be fairly confident that neutral States will be vigilant in guarding against invasions of their sovereignty, the incursions of troops into their territories, the use of their territory as hostile bases of operations, the misuse of their national flag, and generally the unfair treatment of their subjects by belligerents. But there is no effective security—there is, in fact, no security at all—that rules or conventions made in the interest of humanity or for the mitigation of the evils of war, will be observed, not even if the conventions have been ratified by the neutral States themselves. Working machinery for that purpose is entirely wanting. It is true that there are in theory three possible ways of punishing offenders against the laws of war. (1) "The damaged belligerent himself may punish the offending soldiers or nationals." (2) "He may lodge with the other belligerent a protest against the infraction, and if it is a case in which an indemnity will compensate for the damage, claim one, under Article III. of The Hague Convention." (3) "If the actual offender cannot be reached, and if the other belligerent has refused satisfaction, the damaged belligerent may resort to reprisals."<sup>6</sup> But it being nobody's business to set in motion and carry out these fair-sounding provisions, they have been, and are likely to be, inoperative. It is true that there is the punishment of moral dis-

approbation of the world. Unfortunately, there is no counting upon such disapprobation, even when most needed.

A further conclusion to be drawn is that the exercise of the right of search becomes more and more difficult. Often a grave dilemma confronts the belligerent. Either it is to be exercised on the high seas, which is, in bad weather, impracticable and even in fine weather difficult, owing to the size and variety of the cargoes of ocean-going steamers, and the liability to documents being fabricated; or it is necessary to take the vessel into port, in which case the delay and loss to neutrals may be very serious. Many devices for averting this inconvenience have been suggested; but none, so far, have been generally adopted. There is a strong probability that so long as the right to seize contraband is retained, belligerents will adhere to the doctrine of continuous voyage. With the general development of railways and canals, indirect transmission of goods to a belligerent is so common and easy that the right of seizure would be practically worthless if the old test were strictly applied. Yet another conclusion as to contraband. As modern warfare employs more and more the resources, methods, and materials of industry—as, indeed, all the appliances of civil life may be drawn upon by, and become essential to, belligerents—we may expect that the lists of both absolute and conditional contraband will be extended. The belief that the latter would be one day abandoned—part of the programme of reformers of international law a quarter of a century ago—seems more remote than ever. A further conclusion as to contraband is permissible. The old rule, as has been pointed out, was that foodstuffs were not contraband unless they were going with a high degree of probability to a naval or military sta-

<sup>6</sup> Spaight, "War Rights on Land," p. 461.

tion; a rule which is with difficulty applied to a condition of things in which the army and the male population may be almost co-extensive, and in which the Government takes under its control the distribution of food.

This has been in a remarkable degree a war of reprisals; if one belligerent did something illegal, the other has felt justified in doing something by way of retaliation. In the past reprisals were frequent. They were indeed the usual mode of obtaining redress for wrongs done to the subjects of the State which employed them. It is a novelty and a characteristic of this war that they have been freely made use of by State against State for wrongs done by the State itself. There are no limits to such counter measures. There sets in a competition of violence or extremes; and the chief sufferers are neutrals.

What is the main purport of the facts here summarized? Could the great teachers of international law of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth—they who strained their eyes to see, and believed that they did see, a future in which racial passions would die out, and in which war would be deemed wholly abnormal—come to life, and note the brutal methods of to-day, the magnitude of the carnage and the plight of neutrals, they would say that they had experienced a cruel deception, and would declare that, outwardly and materially more civilized, our generation was at least as barbarous as their own. They would see the position of the neutral unimproved, and little prospect of a change for the better. Dr. Baty places the high-water mark for neutrals in 1856, after the date of the Declaration of Paris. Their position has not for many years been so low as it is to-day.

What is the outlook? Writing in

1889, the late Mr. Hall made use of these remarkable words:—

"It would be idle also to pretend that Europe is not now in great likelihood of moving towards a time at which the strength of international law will be too hardly tried. Probably in the next great war the questions which have accumulated during the last half-century and more will all be given their answer at once. Some hates, moreover, will crave for satisfaction; much envy and greed will be at work; but above all, and at the bottom of all, there will be the hard sense of necessity. While nations will be in the field, the commerce of the world may be on the sea, to win or lose; national existence will be at stake; men will be tempted to do anything which will shorten hostilities, and tend to a decisive issue. Conduct in the next great war will certainly be hard; it is very doubtful if it will be scrupulous, whether on the part of belligerents or neutrals; and most likely the next war will be great."

An impressively true prediction! May we hope that Mr. Hall's further prophecy will also prove true:—

"There can be very little doubt that if the next war is unscrupulously waged, it will also be followed by a reaction towards increased stringency of law. . . . I look forward with much misgiving to the manner in which the next great war will be waged, but with no misgiving at all as to the character of the rules which will be acknowledged ten years after its termination, by comparison with the rules now considered to exist."

But if this is to come about, we may be sure it will not be merely by the erection of new machinery, or by framing so many more Conventions, or by teaching that war is unprofitable. All these things are useful. But the decisive change must be from within; there must be abatement of those passions which have produced the present struggle. It has brought us to the verge of a spiritual change, or it may

have been in vain. There may be pauses, long or short in the pursuit of policies of hatred or *revanche*. Only in a new mind, in new ideals and aspirations, in the abandonment of the

desire of "captures" of territory or trade, is there hope of lasting peace and stable international law, with a better outlook for neutrals.

John Macdonell.

The Contemporary Review.

## POMM'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLAIRE DE PRATZ.

### CHAPTER XX.

Pomm and Maryvonne had set out for Bougival almost as soon as they had received Monsieur Calmette's letter. And when they alighted from the train, they immediately inquired the way to the house of Madame Morin.

To their disappointment they learned that the small village just outside Bougival, where Madame Morin lived, was quite a couple of miles away, and near to the station of Bougival on the St. Lazare line.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when they reached Les Gressets, which looked, in the afternoon sun, with its old gray roofs and flowering gardens, on the flank of the hill, like some old eighteenth century village forgotten there by Father Time. On the long road winding up from the bank of the Seine they had met several country folk, who, in answer to their questions, had cheerfully directed them to the house of the old lady—evidently a well-known personage in the vicinity. Her small white house with green-shuttered windows bore the modest name of *Les Violettes*. It was surrounded by an old gray wall that bordered the road, and half-hid it from sight. The name of the house was fixed up on the small enamel plaque on the green door, which boasted a knocker formed by an old horse-shoe. Just beneath this was hand-written in chalk: "Beware of the dogs!"

Over the doorway a wilful honeysuckle reared high its head as if disdaining all restraint, and leaping over

the wall—equally insubordinate—were several climbing rose-bushes, which even yet presented some late blossoms to the admiration of the passers-by.

Pomm, stepping up to the green door, struck two strong raps on the horse-shoe knocker. Immediately a chorus of barks, revealing the presence of various sizes and breeds of dogs, came in answer to his knock. It was as if pandemonium itself were suddenly let loose! Then a voice—the high-pitched voice of a woman advanced in years—joined the concert of noises in a vain effort to subdue the energy of the canine defenders of the establishment.

"Claudine, will you go back!

"You'll get a good thrashing, Dick, if you don't stop that noise!

"Snip and Snap! Will you be off to your kennels *at once*, or I'll beat you!"

And finally, as it appeared evident that the dogs would not be subdued, the voice—higher-pitched than ever—called out:

"Charlotte! . . . Turn all the dogs into the courtyard, please! . . . I can't open the door! They won't let me get near it—the miserable little beggars!"

It was the voice of an old woman, but it was full of charm and vivacity even though it held a note of authority which the dogs seemed to treat as a mere joke!

When the uproar had terminated and the recalcitrants punished for their too great zeal, the door was slowly opened from inside, and the most delightful old lady one could



wish to see appeared before Pomm and Maryvonne. She had crinkly, snow-white hair covered with an old lace handkerchief that was tied beneath her chin. Over her bodice of black woollen stuff she wore a loose house-jacket of knitted wool dyed a bright cherry-color. Her skirt was of gray serge, half concealed by a short black alpaca apron. There were wooden *sabots* on her feet over her felt slippers. In her right hand she held a knife and a half-peeled carrot. Her small round nose was adorned with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Please excuse my dear dogs," she said, as she opened the door and revealed a lovely tangled garden of flowers. . . . "They are only dogs, and they quite believe it is their duty to bark."

"Oh!" said Maryvonne, "I love dogs!" And she bent to caress the naughty Claudine, who had slipped away from Charlotte's care and had come sniffing inquisitively around her.

"And what can I do for you, *Monsieur et Madame?*" asked the old lady.

It was Pomm's turn to speak now; so with bared head he inquired of the old lady:

"Does Madame Morin live here?"

"Madame Morin, *c'est moi!*" replied the little old lady in the tone of regal dignity that Louis XIV. must have used when he spoke the historical sentence: "*L'Etat, c'est moi!*"

"We have come," mumbled Pomm diffidently, and shuffling about on his feet with much shyness, "to ask you to help us to unravel a great mystery of the past."

"The past!" echoed Madame Morin. . . . "The past . . . that's my business . . . indeed . . . for I'm old, Monsieur, very old!"

"We have come to see you, Madame, to ask you about my mother, whom we think you once knew . . . long, long ago," broke in Maryvonne in her sweet

voice, which invariably appealed directly to the heart of all.

"Well," quoth Madame Morin, "won't you come inside and sit down. We can't stand talking here at the gate."

And closing the green door Madame Morin led her two guests across the flowering garden, through two or three meandering pathways, and showed them into a large sitting-room on the ground floor, where in spite of the warmth of the late summer day a fire of large oak logs burnt gently in a high, old-fashioned chimney.

"I'm old and rheumatically," she confided to Pomm, "and I enjoy a fire even in the summer, but"—she added, speaking to Maryvonne—"you need not sit near it, my dear! Sit here." And she placed a comfortable arm-chair in the wide verandah window that overlooked the garden outside. Pomm sat down modestly, right on to the extreme edge of the most uncomfortable hard chair he could find, and the old lady resumed her place at the table before a pile of carrots and turnips that were in process of being cut up, excusing herself to her guests:

"You will forgive me if I go on with my paring, won't you? I am preparing the *pot-au-feu*. Charlotte—my young servant—is so very inexperienced. She can't manage to superintend the bubbling of the *bouillon* and cut up the vegetables at the same time!"

Pomm and Maryvonne felt at ease at once with the genial old lady, and the naughty dogs who refused to be controlled by Charlotte in the kitchen came trooping back and gathered around Maryvonne as friendly as they had been inimical before.

"Well now, tell me what I can do for you?" said the old lady, setting her spectacles straight and going on with her vegetable paring.

Pomm proceeded to explain what was the object of their visit.

"We want to know, Mademoiselle

Maryvonne and myself, what you remember about a Madame Durand who came to Bougival some fifteen years ago from England with a little girl of five or six years of age?"

"Ah! yes. I remember Marthe Renoir as a girl, and I remember her as a young mother. She was a strange, reticent creature, and no one ever knew, not even her own mother, where and how she had met the dark foreigner—a Spaniard or an Italian, I don't know which—whom she afterwards married, or was believed to have married, in England. . . . She used to be seen walking about with him in Bougival. . . . Her mother told me she would never let her daughter become his wife, but she did not say what was her objection to the young fellow, nor did she tell me his name. One evening Madame Renoir came to me in great sorrow. . . . Her daughter had run away with the young foreigner and was going to be married to him in London! She never spoke to me again about Marthe. . . . The daughter was as dead to her mother after that. . . . I never knew the facts of the case and cannot say whether it was because the mother was too unforgiving or the daughter not sufficiently affectionate. . . .

"When Marthe came back a few years later she gave her name as Madame Durand, and she brought a little girl with her. She never told us that the child was hers, but we all thought that she was." . . .

"Do you remember the little girl's name?" It was Maryvonne who had interrupted the old lady.

"I never knew her real name—I mean the one that figures on her birth certificate—nor the name by which she was known in England. But before Madame Durand left here, she told me that she was going with the child to stay a few weeks with the nuns of the old convent where she had been

educated, at Trégenan in Brittany. During her stay there she intended having the child baptized in the small Catholic chapel of her old convent. . . . You know that when one is received into the Catholic Church a new name can be given to a convert, which does not necessarily figure upon his or her certificate of birth." . . .

"Did she tell you the name she intended giving the child?" asked Maryvonne breathlessly.

The old woman wrinkled up her brow and tried to collect her straying memories.

"Now that you ask me, my dear, I think that I remember the name, which is rare and uncommon. . . . Is it not the name by which Monsieur called you a few moments ago?"

"Maryvonne?" suggested the girl.

"Yes . . . yes" . . . cried Madame Morin excitedly. . . . "Yes . . . I remember now. . . . That's it! Marthe wished her to be called by that name because one of the nuns—who had been a very dear school friend of her own—was to be the child's sponsor. And being a Bretonne woman she bore the name of Maryvonne—which is Marie-Yvonne blended in one. I remember that name because it was so uncommon, though Marthe said that it was common enough in Brittany."

Here Maryvonne interrupted the old lady once more.

"What was the little girl like? Would you recognize her again, if you saw her?"

"Do you know, my dear," and the old lady looked keenly at the girl, "she was rather like you! Now I can see the likeness quite well. She was very much like you." . . .

She leaned forward towards the girl and took her two firm hands between her two withered ones.

"Yes," said Maryvonne gently, "I am Maryvonne Durand."

Madame Morin set her spectacles more firmly upon her round nose and peered into the lovely young face before her. She stroked the girl's cheek very tenderly.

"Yes, my dear. I can see it now. You are very much like what your mother was at your age too. . . . I knew both your mother and your grandmother, my dear. They were good and sweet women, though your mother was wilful and headstrong. . . . She paid dearly for it though!" And the old lady sighed regretfully.

"Few of her old friends would forgive her when she came back after her mother's death. She never spoke of her husband either and that made her old friends suspicious. . . . She had a deal to put up with, had your poor mother. . . . And she never confided in anybody . . . and even I—who knew her well and loved her too—never knew her husband's real name . . . nor even——"

The old lady stopped short in her story. She suddenly remembered that she was speaking to the daughter of poor Marthe Renoir.

"Nor even——" what were you going to say?" asked Maryvonne.

"Well . . . I suppose I must say it" . . . added Madame Morin. . . . "It is this. Marthe Renoir never told anyone that she had actually been married to the man whom some of us had seen with her here. . . . So no one ever knew if she had been his legal wife, no more than anybody ever knew if little Maryvonne was her own child or not!"

Pomm had been silent up to this moment. He now began to take part in the conversation.

"I cannot think why anyone should doubt her maternity. Madame Durand lived for seven years in the flat above mine in Paris and her child always called her 'mother.' But what I can't understand is her reticence, her ex-

traordinary mystery about her child's father," he said.

"It is comprehensible to a certain extent to those who knew Marthe well," replied Madame Morin. "In my opinion she could not bring herself to speak of him because he evidently had hurt her, wounded her deeply. She could not bear to have to admit that the man she had loved and clung to, in spite of all advice, had ill-used her—perhaps even betrayed and forsaken her in England with her child! . . . She was extraordinarily proud, and it would have been utterly bitter for her to have to confess herself wrong in her judgment of him."

"But she always declared that he was a great and noble character, and that I might be proud of being his child!" broke in Maryvonne eagerly.

"She may have said that to you because you were his daughter, my dear," urged Madame Morin gently. "But as for me, nothing will persuade me that he had not broken her heart. . . . There may have been some misunderstanding between them. . . . But whatever her reasons may have been for silence, I feel convinced that she believed herself a wronged woman."

"She must have had grave reasons for her reserve," said Pomm, "and, had she lived, would have explained everything to her daughter when she came of age. . . . She had at least promised her that!"

"She evidently thought me too young to understand when I questioned her!" continued Maryvonne in a sad tone.

"Well, I can tell you no more than I know myself," said Madame Morin. "After she left Bougival and settled definitely in Paris I never saw Marthe again nor had any word from her."

Pomm drew the portrait of Madame Durand and Maryvonne out of his pocket-book and showed it to Madame Morin.

She looked at the picture through

her spectacles for a few moments.

"Yes—that's Marthe Renoir and little Maryvonne, right enough!"

"Well, I can certify that I am the little girl in the picture and that the woman in the picture is my dear mother," said Maryvonne with tears in her eyes and in her voice.

"I must admit," said Madame Morin, looking again at Maryvonne, "that you seem to me to be the little girl she brought from England."

"Where are the carnations that used to grow in that bed?" questioned Maryvonne, suddenly pointing to the centre bed of flowers in the garden outside.

"They have all been pulled up long ago! But you are quite right, my dear. The whole of this garden was a market-garden in those days. I made what little money I now live on out of carnations," she added, turning to Pomm in explanation. "But one can't get an honest living out of them now. In those days one could, and I made all my little fortune out of this piece of ground and another farther down the road where I had my glasshouses."

Then turning to Maryvonne:

"So you remember the carnations, my dear! Ah! my dear carnations. . . . They too are things of the dead past!"

And her eyes went back to Maryvonne's charming face and dwelt there lovingly.

"The more I look at you the more I see the likeness. . . . You are very much like your mother, my dear. But you are still more beautiful than she was, if possible."

Maryvonne blushed to the roots of her hair.

"I am happy if I remind you of olden days, dear Madame."

Then after a few moments' silence Maryvonne questioned again:

"Then you never knew my father?"

"No, my child . . . and I never knew anyone else who did either . . .

I never even heard his name—his real name, I mean—for I always thought that Durand was an *alias*."

"Then no one can tell me anything about him?" asked Maryvonne.

"No one here, my dear child."

"Did my mother never speak of him to anyone at all?"

"I never heard that she did."

"And you never knew whether he was alive or dead when she returned to Bougival?"

"I never knew anything at all about the existence or death of your father, my dear . . . nor—as I tell you—even his name."

"What a strangely silent woman my mother was!"

"She was, my dear. . . . I never knew more uncommunicative a girl nor a prouder. . . . I am very old, and I have known many girls of all kinds, but never have I met so silent, so reserved a creature."

"And she never wrote to you or sent you a word after she left here for Paris with me?"

"Never. . . . But stay!" . . . And suddenly the old woman put her hand up to her head as if to awaken her old and faded memories. . . . "Wait." . . .

Maryvonne hung breathless upon her words and Pomm, more excited than he cared to show, leaned forward and listened intently, heedless of his walking-stick which fell to the ground with a thud, or of his large pocket handkerchief which had dropped on to his dusty boots.

"I've had so many troubles too of my own . . . that my memory seems to go at times. . . . But now, you remind me of something I had forgotten for years. . . . It comes back to me out of the distance . . . now." . . .

"Dear Madame Morin, do try and remember!" urged Maryvonne.

She was deathly white and her

deep eyes shone with a burning light.

"I seem to remember Marthe giving me an envelope . . . yes . . . an envelope. . . . I was here sitting by the table. . . . *Tiens!* but was I not preparing vegetables for the *pot-au-feu!* . . . just as I am doing now . . . see?" and the old lady smiled at the girl. . . . "Why, you'll think I've done nothing else all my life but prepare vegetables for the soup!"

Maryvonne smiled.

"But I've done other things too." . . .

The old woman would have wandered on to other topics but Maryvonne called back her straying memories.

"You said that my mother gave you an envelope." . . .

"Yes . . . yes. . . . I was sitting here . . . and she came downstairs while the little girl was playing outside there"—and she pointed—"among the carnations. . . . She held out a closed envelope to me and said: 'Will you keep this for me, Madame Morin?' . . .

"It was an envelope of ordinary white paper. It was closed and sealed. She asked me to keep it in a safe place, and said that I must never give it up to anybody again—except to herself or her little daughter Maryvonne—that's you, my dear," she said, turning and laying her hand firmly on the girl's arm. 'Keep it safely but never give it to anyone but myself or my little Maryvonne,' murmured the old lady again to herself, as if echoing the words she had heard so long ago. . . . "She never told me what was in the envelope. . . . So I put it by. . . . I suppose that I have it somewhere still . . . now." . . .

"Where?" questioned Maryvonne breathlessly.

Here at last was a link—a true link with the past—a direct communication with her own mother! . . .

"I . . . don't . . . remember" . . .

whispered the old woman, and over her bright old face came a veil of painful wistfulness. . . . "I am old, my dear . . . and I've suffered much . . . I can't remember what I did with that envelope." . . .

"Try . . . oh! try" . . . implored the girl.

But the old lady was silent. She pressed her hands to her head with a tired gesture and said nothing.

Suddenly the naughty Claudine, who had been hovering around for a few moments, jumped up on to the old lady's lap and licked her face.

The dog's caress seemed to revive the old lady, for she brightened up suddenly and said with some consternation:

"Oh! I have forgotten to give my doggies their *goûter!* . . . What must I be thinking of?"

And she rose briskly and called for Charlotte.

Charlotte—a cheery-looking, heavy-browed peasant girl—came in with the whole troop of dogs scrambling at her heels.

"The dogs' *goûter!*" . . . said Madame Morin.

"*Oui, Madame.* I have it ready," said Charlotte. And the ten or twelve dogs jumped around the girl with barks of delight.

"They know that it is their hour . . . the dear things!" said Madame Morin. Then as the dogs trooped away behind the ministering Charlotte,

"What was I saying?" asked the old lady.

"You had just begun to tell us about the envelope my mother confided to your care" . . . reminded Maryvonne.

"Oh! yes . . . I remember now. . . . She gave it to me and told me to give it to no one but herself or you. . . . And I put it by in a box of choice carnation seeds. . . . Why" . . . she suddenly broke out laughing. . . . "It must be there still . . .



after all these years! . . . Charlotte!" screamed the old lady. . . . "Charlotte!"

Charlotte reappeared in the room followed by the troop of half-satisfied dogs clamoring for the rest of their food.

"Charlotte," cried Madame Morin, paying not the least attention to the importunate brood. "Where is my box of best choice carnation seeds?"

"In the *grenier* . . . Madame" . . . began Charlotte, but Claudine called her attention away. "Claudine . . . leave Dick alone, you bad dog!" . . . And Charlotte, pouncing suddenly on the offending Claudine, wrenched from the dog a bit of biscuit she had purloined from the gentler Dick.

"Goodness! what a nuisance these dogs are," suddenly exclaimed Madame Morin. "Where is my broom?" . . .

And so saying she rose and pulled an old broom-handle from a hidden corner near the fireplace.

At the word "broom"—miraculously—the dogs cleared out of the room as if all were held on to the same leash! It was so amusing a sight that even Maryvonne who was on tenterhooks concerning such important questions, could not help bursting into laughter!

Once the dogs were thus efficaciously disposed of Madame Morin was able once more to follow the thread of her thoughts.

"Charlotte! Will you go up into the *grenier* and fetch me down the large yellow box where I keep my best carnation seeds?"

"Yes, Madame." . . . And the docile Charlotte disappeared, to return a few moments later with a large wooden box that had black japanned hinges.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

"I think," said Madame Morin, readjusting her spectacles on to her little round nose, which operation took some time, "that I must have put it

here. I keep all important papers at the bottom of this box underneath the packets of my dear carnation seeds. . . . Though I don't grow carnations now for market, I like to keep the seeds of my best specimens near me . . . in case I am ever asked for them by my nephews and nieces, who are famous carnation fanciers themselves." As she spoke, the old lady was carefully removing, one by one, flat, carefully-sealed packets of seeds and laying them with great precision one on the top of another upon the table-cloth. At last, all the packets were removed and she came to a thick layer of old letters and bunches of papers tied together with various colored strings.

"I've got the birth and death certificates of my husband and children here. . . . For I'm a very old woman, my dear," she insisted on telling Maryvonne again. "I've buried six children and my husband, and I've lost nearly all the friends of my youth. . . . It's sad to be alone, my dear, when you are old! . . . And the old lady bent over the papers in the box to hide her emotion from the young girl.

At last, from the bottom of the box, she pulled forth an old, long and narrow envelope. It was of the pattern of those used many years ago—a very old-fashioned type of make—and the first thing that struck Maryvonne's mind was that it was of the same shape and paper as the one she had found with Pomm at the back of the empty drawer in her mother's bureau!

"Ah!" she exclaimed. . . . "*Petit père*, do you not recognize the shape of the envelope?"

Pomm pulled out his eternal magnifying glass from the depths of his pocket and adjusting it carefully, examined the closed envelope which Madame Morin handed to him. He turned it round and round in his

hand, bending his long, old nose over it as if he were trying to ascertain its exact aroma. After a few moments' keen scrutiny, he handed the envelope to Maryvonne for her inspection.

"Yes, my dear, you are right. . . . The paper of this envelope is almost exactly of the same manufacture as the one we found stuck in the drawer of your mother's bureau. Such envelopes were largely used in the seventies. They are rarely made so nowadays."

And pulling out of his pocket the envelope addressed to Madame Durand in London and which they had of course brought with them, he gave it to the girl so that she might compare the two. "Put them side by side, my dear, and see for yourself."

Maryvonne did as she was told and found them to be almost identical. Then for the first time she read out the inscription upon the envelope which Madame Morin had exhumed from the musty box.

"To be opened by myself or by my daughter *Maryvonne*."

"*MARTHE RENOIR (DURAND)*."

"Then *Durand* was evidently her married name," said Pomm.

"I feel convinced that it wasn't," asserted Madame Morin with some zest.

"But even if it were not, her maiden name was still *Renoir*," argued Pomm. He had taken the envelope once more from Maryvonne, and was looking at it closely. To him the inference seemed plain. Marthe Renoir had never had any right to another legal patronymic but her maiden name, and had never borne the name of her child's father.

Maryvonne, understanding the thought in Pomm's mind, bent her head and said nothing.

But suddenly she looked up again and spoke with an accent of triumph.

"At any rate, she acknowledges me here for her own daughter. . . . Thank God for that, at least! Madame Morin says that she never spoke of me as her child, and neither did she to Mélanie . . . although I always called her *Mother*. . . . But here I am clearly proclaimed: '*Maryvonne—my daughter*.'"

"But if what you tell us is chronologically correct," said Pomm, addressing Madame Morin—"she must have written the name *Maryvonne* before it had actually been bestowed upon the child by the Church."

"Yes . . . yes," . . . insisted Madame Morin. "She told me that the child would be baptized as soon as they had arrived in Brittany. They left Bougival to go there. Marthe seemed much disturbed in her mind and was anxious that the ceremony should be performed at once!"

"Evidently she was once more strongly under the influence of religious feeling," put in Pomm.

"No," said Madame Morin, "not personally. She said that she had given up all her religious duties ever since she had been in England, and no longer considered herself a true Catholic. But her baby had never been baptized, and she was anxious that she should be, for the child's own sake. My opinion is that her man was an atheist or freethinker, or something of the kind. Probably he was opposed to the Catholic Church, and it was he who stopped her going to Mass, and who would not have the child baptized in the Catholic Church."

"That is quite likely," said Pomm slowly. "If he was a revolutionist of a Latin race. . . . Indeed, it seems more than probable."

There was a few moments' silence, during which the mind of each was occupied by the same conjectures.

"Well!" said Pomm at last, speaking to Maryvonne in a forced, lively tone,

"when are you going to open that envelope?"

"Are you quite sure that I may?" asked the girl. "You think that it is right for me to do so?"

"Certainly, my dear. There seems to be no possible doubt now that you are Marthe Renoir's daughter, and that therefore you alone have the right of breaking the seal of that envelope."

And so Maryvonne, without another word, inserted her finger carefully beneath the flap and broke it open. Inside the envelope was a folded paper—partly printed in English and partly filled in with writing.

The girl drew it out and spread it open upon the table.

It was the certificate of birth of a female child named *Itala, Roma*—the legitimate daughter of *Fabio Altobrandi*—photographer—and of his wife, *née Marthe Renoir*. The date of the birth was June 5th, 1870, and the place was 7, Oxford Road, Kensington, London, W.

For a few moments the three people in the gay little dining-room were silent, as if they were all collecting their thoughts, and trying to readjust facts in their minds.

The first to exclaim was Maryvonne: "There is not the slightest mention of *Durand*, you see? And what a strange name *Altobrandi* is! It sounds Italian."

"It is Italian, without a doubt," affirmed Pomm, who could read fourteen living languages, though he spoke only one—and that indifferently well—his own.

"But I still do not understand," remarked Maryvonne, perplexedly, "who *Itala, Roma* is?"

"Evidently your mother's child, my dear, since the certificate gives the name of Marthe Renoir as the mother."

"But who is Fabio Altobrandi, photographer?" she inquired again, after a few moments' reflection.

"To all appearances, your mother's husband—and the father of *Itala, Roma*, my dear." The certificate had at least proved the legitimacy of Marthe's child, and Pomm was exultantly happy on that point.

"Then perhaps *Itala, Roma* is a sister or half-sister of mine," said Maryvonne, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense! you silly child! *Itala, Roma* is yourself. 'Date of birth, 5th June, 1870.' Don't you understand?"

The girl's face was blanched with fear and her wide eyes dilated with anxiety.

"But how can I be, when my name is *Durand*?"

"That's not the point, my dear. . . . Did you not tell me that you were born on the 5th June, 1870?" Pomm was always precise and to the point—on some subjects, at least!

"My mother always told me that I was," she answered wonderingly.

"Then, my dear, your real name is *Itala, Roma Altobrandi*—and that Italian name may account for your dark eyes and black hair." And he smoothed the dark hair with his foolish, awkward old fingers as he spoke.

Maryvonne returned his caress, and spoke to Madame Morin.

"But *why*, oh! *why*—am I called *Durand*? Why did *maman* call herself *Durand* and not *Altobrandi*?"

"That, my dear," answered Pomm, who appeared miraculously clear-sighted in this affair—"is a mystery that only your father and mother could explain. The name was evidently used by them in England, at 7, Oxford Road, since the letter we found was addressed in that name to her there."

"Dear Madame Morin—I am so perplexed! What did my mother call me when, as a baby, I played among your carnations?"

"She called you only *Bébé* then. . . . But she told me you were going to be

baptized later in the name of Maryvonne." . . . insisted Madame Morin.

"Then you really think *petit père*," said the girl, turning to Pomm, "that I am the legitimate daughter of Fabio Altobrandi and of Marthe Renoir?"

"I think that it is quite certain that you are!" replied Pomm. "You see, these are the facts of the case. Your mother's maiden name was Marthe Renoir. . . . At least, we have every reason to believe that, since Madame Morin can certify it. . . . She ran away to London to get married to a man known here as a dark foreigner—Italian or Spanish. . . . She returns later with a small child—evidently her own—whom she calls *Bébé* and later has her christened *Maryvonne*, although the child's birth certificate bears only the names of *Itala, Roma*. . . . As Madame Morin has just told you—it is quite a usual thing at baptism in the Roman Catholic Church to receive a new name that does not necessarily figure on the birth certificate." . . .

"But why should my mother have altered my name? Why should she never have mentioned my real name to her old friend? And why—if she were legitimately Madame Altobrandi—did she call us both by the name of *Durand*? And why again should she never have spoken of my father to any living soul? . . . These are the questions that puzzle me—that torture me, dear *petit père*!" And the tears welled up in the poor child's eyes and fell down her cheeks.

"You need not distress yourself, my dear," said old Pomm, consolingly. . . . "It begins to be quite clear to me now. Evidently your mother had good reasons for concealment—but I think that you certainly are the daughter of Fabio Altobrandi—photographer—whatever he may be!" . . .

There was another deep silence between them all for a few moments.

Suddenly—and perhaps for the first time in the whole of his life—Pomm broke out quite excitedly:

"Listen! . . . I have it . . . I have it! . . . We must lose not a minute of time, now in going first to Brittany and afterwards to London!"

Maryvonne stared at Pomm in amazement.

"*Petit père*! . . . I don't recognize you!" she declared, almost laughing. "You—the most stay-at-home of all men, to suggest such wild travels!"

"My dear, this is a very serious matter . . . very serious, indeed," quoth Pomm, with an important air, as if he alone had realized the importance of his ward's affairs. "It may be that I am a stay-at-home—though don't forget, please, that I am an old mariner and have travelled all the world over! . . . I see now that this business must be investigated most seriously. . . . It must be threshed out definitely, and for that we must go together both to Brittany and to London, to make inquiries."

"But it is all so long ago!" said Maryvonne, despairingly. "The house in Oxford Road must be now inhabited by strangers, who can tell us nothing."

"That may be," said Pomm. "But nevertheless we must go over to London as soon as we can."

"*Petit père*, you do astonish me!" declared Maryvonne once more. She could not get over her surprise at Pomm's act of initiative and intrepidity. "You have so often vowed that never would you leave France again?"

Pomm smiled and threw Maryvonne a knowing glance.

"My dear, it is most necessary that we should unravel this mystery, is it not? Then we must go to London to do it."

His accent was so final that Maryvonne was positively staggered! Pomm

for once in his life had actually made up his mind all alone!

A few moments later they had taken leave of old Madame Morin and her multitude of barking dogs. They promised soon to return to see her, for the old lady seemed genuinely delighted to have found the daughter of her old friend once more. She plied the girl

(*To be continued.*)

with cakes, fruit and flowers, and both she and Pomm returned laden to Paris that afternoon thoroughly delighted with their day's work. Inside Pomm's well-worn pocket-book, close to the empty envelope they had found in Madame Durand's bureau—lay the sister envelope containing the birth certificate of *Itala, Roma, Altobrandi*. . .

## A NEWSPAPER IN TIME OF WAR.

BY AN EDITOR.

On the day when Germany declared war on Russia and started to invade France by way of Luxemburg and Belgium, I had just arrived at a pleasing spot on the south coast of England, hundreds of miles from my editorial chair. This was the result of a neglect of duty gravely reprehensible, but not perhaps wholly void of excuse.

During the closing weeks of July we had all been passionately discussing the wrongs of a far-off land called Ulster, threatened with red warfare by a project which the students of political history may still remember under the name of Home Rule. But it did not occur to any of us that the troubles of Ulster could for a moment compete in interest with the arrangements for our summer holidays. It was not till July 28 that I really felt alarmed for the safety of that inviolable month, free from leading articles, news, and catching special trains with editions not less special, of which the prospect makes life just bearable during the rest of the year.

On July 28 was announced Austria's declaration of a "punitive expedition" against Serbia, and that day was also to me of the first importance as marking my start for a motor trip to the south of England. Austria's declaration meant that the betting was ten

to one in favor of a general European war within a week, and anyone but a callous newspaper editor would have cancelled his longed for trip and re-seated himself proudly in the chair of duty. But twenty years have hardened me. During that time the country and I have three times been—according to private Foreign Office warnings—within twenty-four hours of a European war (once with France, and twice with Germany), and more times than I can count we have together been through crises of "grave importance." After all my motor trip would only keep me on the road for three days, and there were plenty of telegraph and telephone offices all the way. And then the deluge! I could come back with my trip wrung hardly from the hands of fate. So off I went and enjoyed myself hugely, not a misfire all the way and no tire troubles—stolen pleasures are always the sweetest. This to explain how I came to be on the south coast of England when the war clouds burst over Europe.

On the day of my arrival at that pleasing spot by the sea—guarded by Territorials with fixed bayonets, a grand sight—the telegraph wires smoked with messages passing between me and my assistants in London, and at my head office far away. My ab-



sence had done them a world of good—thrown them on their own resources and stimulated their intelligences—but the tone of their messages lacked calmness. Still they had done very well, which was the main thing, and I was proud of them. Then, as soon as I could raise some money—which was not easy as the banks were all shut and even my credit was for the time at an end—I went up to London by train feeling that whatever happened that famous motor trip was something substantial to the good in my account with Providence.

Fleet Street is a strange place; it never seems to learn anything. It can never get away from its central idea, which is that events happen in the wide world in order to be recorded in newspapers to the greater glory of editors and the greater profit of proprietors. I found Fleet Street buzzing with the tremendous arrangements which were being made for sending battalions of special war correspondents to the Front, with never a doubt as to whether any of them would be allowed to get there. As for a newspaper censorship, perish the thought. No one would dare seriously to interfere with the sacred right of the Press to give the palpitating public what it wanted. I do not claim to possess wisdom beyond that vouchsafed to my neighbors, but it has always been my habit—assisted by a good many years of absence from the self-conscious atmosphere of Fleet Street—to take a detached and rather unprofessional view of the relations between newspapers and the public. It was therefore very clear to me that in the crisis of August last the Press would play a very small and humble part, and that in the interests of the Common Good it would be severely sat upon. But Fleet Street had none of these depressing, almost disloyal, notions when I arrived in it and learned

of Britain's ultimatum to Germany and the certainty of war within a few hours.

So the — group were going to spend 50,000*l.* on an unequalled war service, and the —, not to be left behind, had already arranged for sixteen war correspondents in France and Belgium. Thus spoke the chief of my London office, impressed but sceptical even as I. Would I share in with the — in the expense of the sixteen gallant ones now packing for the Front? "Yes," said I, "at the moderate price suggested, but it is stories we shall get, not news; there won't be any news."

In the South African war there was a cable censorship at the Front, but no censorship at home, and Fleet Street had a great time. We used to despatch troops to the seat of war with bands playing and flags flying; we told the world exactly how many men and guns went in each ship, whence they sailed and whither they were bound. Were emergency divisions sent from India, we told the Boers and their European friends all about them, strength and ships and ports. Lord Roberts' plans for his advance on Bloemfontein would have been proclaimed to the enemy but for a tardy gleam of intelligence on the part of our rulers. There was no press censorship, but we were implored in the name of the gods which watch over the British Empire to lie low and not give away anything about Roberts. And to our credit—for we are really quite a patriotic lot when we are not thinking of how to go one better than our competitors—we did lie low over the details of Roberts's concentration. But it was a strain, the very devil of a strain.

The Russo-Japanese war and that in the Balkans should have opened the eyes of Fleet Street. Both these wars showed that no generals can allow their plans to be endangered, even to

the smallest extent, by the indiscretions of the most discreet and most censored of newspaper correspondents at the Front. The most delightfully humorous incident in the grim war between Japan and Russia was the presence in the Gulf of Pechili of a newspaper steamer equipped with a wireless plant which impartially recorded the messages passing between the belligerent ships of both sides. My very good friend, the correspondent who organized that wireless vessel, closed his experiment without any illusions as to the future of his profession. After a polite intimation from both sides—by wireless—that they would sink him on sight, he felt constrained to abandon the cruise.

Fleet Street has not forgotten, though it did not at the time fully appreciate, the fate of its correspondence corps with the Bulgarians in the autumn of 1912. While a tremendous crowd of newspaper men, collected from Europe and America, were herded in a concentration camp fully fifty miles from the Front—and getting scraps of war news occasionally by way of London and Sofia—an Austrian officer, alleged never to have left the cafés of the Bulgarian capital, wrote dazzling descriptions of battles to his paper in Vienna, and the Press of the world copied them, not because it wanted to, but because it couldn't help it. When it was found that the gallant and ingenious Austrian had intimately described two battles which never took place, his credit as a correspondent suffered, but the interned journalists in the Bulgarian concentration camp did not feel one whit the happier.

Remembering these things, I was absolutely sure that there was not going to be any free trade in news of the Great European war, that what we received of authentic information would be official and very little even of that, that no war correspondents

would be allowed anywhere within sight or hearing of the fighting lines, and that the censorship at home on all news would be of the strictest. We all find our just level in this world sooner or later, and the level of newspapers in time of war is a very long way down in the scale of importance. Though my veins run with printer's ink, I must confess that when red blood is flowing printer's ink is of very small account.

My colleagues at the head office of my paper rejoiced to see me back. Their faces "wore a worried look." I had been absent for less than a week yet the iron of war had entered into their souls. Most men much prefer to obey orders than to give them, and my colleagues, good and true men, smiled almost gaily as they handed over the command to me. The organization which I had built up in times of peace had come to a sudden and violent stop. Gone was the Stock Exchange and commercial news, gone was shipping (which the Censor at a very early stage put his foot upon), gone were our dear party political fights. The Lion of Ulster was lying down with the Lamb of Waterford, and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law had kissed each other. It was a strange new world to which I returned. And then an alarm spread. Was there going to be a paper famine? What about wood pulp from Norway and from Canada, what were the stocks in the country and when would new supplies arrive? The North Sea was a litter of mines and German cruisers were loose in the Atlantic; there was in fact the devil to pay! When I look back upon those early weeks of August they seem to be among the most delightful of my vagabond life. Nature, which had meant me to be a graceless tramp, gaily heedless of bed and board—actually I am a highly respectable father of a family and a justice of the peace—had at last

a chance. Three times in my life I have cut myself loose from a safe anchorage and set out in my frail bark on the wild waves of Chance. But it has never been of any use; the bark has sailed trim and snug into another port and the skipper has been denied the adventures his soul craved. So it was to be again. For a week or two the making of a new paper under the conditions of war, and the uncertainty as to where the materials were coming from to print it, were as delightful to me as that stolen motor trip, but they came almost as rapidly to an end. For the new paper, constructed on the ruins of the old one, was a Success, and the wood pulp rolled in until we had assured supplies for months ahead. Once more the bark had sailed into port.

My public wanted news of the war, of course, but more than anything else they wanted expression given to their inarticulate fury against Germany and Germany's Kaiser who had brought war into the midst of their comfortable peace. Day by day they craved for someone to do their cursing for them, artistically, philosophically, convincingly. I filled the bill; but what I should have done without Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardt I can form no conception. The mad philosopher, the deaf old professor of history, and the soldier-politician kept my readers happy for two months. Here proclaimed to the world was the whole Pan-German doctrine, and no apologist for Germany had a dog's chance against them. I owe to these three noble exponents of the Higher German Kultur a debt of gratitude which I never can repay.

Journalists should beware of encouraging in themselves a sense of humor. It hampers them in the exercise of their High Functions as Instructors of the Public. It would never have done, last August for example, for me to

have asked myself what were my qualifications for dealing with problems of military strategy and grand tactics. Yet I believe that no lecturer at the Staff College could have served me and my public half so well as one of my ready newspaper writers fortified with Clausewitz and the military maxims of Napoleon. What Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardt were to the political side of my energetic output, Clausewitz and Napoleon were to the military side. During the early weeks of war they were a very present help in time of trouble.

But after all the public wants news, and no amount of profound discourses on the higher strategy, and of remorseless exposures of the German War Spirit, can take the place of authentic news from the Front. There comes a time when even Bernhardt fails to attract, and when Clausewitz does not throw much light upon "fortress warfare" in trenches. At the beginning of the war we had news in great volume but of more than doubtful authenticity. Poor devastated little Belgium, eager for foreign sympathy and support, did not forbid to the war correspondent the run of his pen. So that while Belgium remained open there was plenty of news of a sort, and we made the most of it. I am afraid that we kept the flag flying at Liège for fully a week after the Germans had battered the forts to pieces, and we certainly were not exacting in our use of the word "Victory." One of my friends about that time put to me a little Rule of Three sum which contained a moral for newspapers. "If," said he, "five Belgian victories are followed by the German occupation of Brussels, how many victories will the Allies announce before the Germans take Paris?" It was a shrewd thrust. It is as difficult to prevent a writer of newspaper headlines from calling a temporary outpost success a "victory"

as it is to prevent him from calling every soldier or sailor a "hero."

We did not during the first two months of war suffer from the awful drought in printable news which set in when the numerous censors had learned something of their business, and war on land had become an affair of "nibbling" at trenches. There was movement at the beginning and the possibility of dramatic surprises. But I sadly missed the fine irresponsible days of the South African war. Then, not a regiment or a ship but moved under a blaze of light, and cheering crowds sweated themselves dry with enthusiasm. Now the Navy and the Army were mobilized, passed to their war stations, or were drafted into training camps, in stealthy silence. We did not get a descriptive line or a picture out of the whole Expeditionary Force, until long afterwards, when everyone wanted to know what had happened to it in France and not how it had crept out of England. But in one respect we were free from the gnawing anxiety of the common life in time of peace. Then we were always afraid of the other man with his low-class sheet beating our distinguished organ with a piece of really important news. Now we knew that we were all voyaging in the same isolated ship, on the same wide ocean, and that no one could get what was not also at the disposal of his neighbor and rival. An editor's life is much less harassing in these latter days of war.

Even in the South African war we never rose to the dazzling heights of patriotic publicity achieved by the American Press during their Spanish scrap. That Press proudly claims to have made the war, and when studying their newspapers at the time I was not prepared to deny the claim. They made the war, and they saw to it that there should be no failure of news about it. If there was not a sea

or a land fight every day to serve up with the breakfast coffee, the Administration was called to book in the most truculent terms and told to hustle up its time-table. The fine full-blooded Press which ran that Spanish-American war must regard its British colleagues, peacefully, almost uncomplainingly, herded within a barbed wire censorship, as a very white-livered lot. Martial law, which we are under for all practical purposes, with Lord Kitchener behind to see that it is firmly administered, has a wonderfully chastening effect even upon Fleet Street, and I should like to live long enough to see the American Press in similar fetters. This is not said vindictively, for it is much more amusing and interesting to run one's paper when the conditions are all adverse and one is thrown back upon the exercise of ingenuity. For my part I enjoy the censorship. It is, of course, very unintelligent—that is the source of its strength. The collective intelligence of a body of men, individually clever, is always very low, a psychological fact to which is due the success of Parliamentary Government in this country. As a race we would never endure to be governed by a man of genius—except maybe temporarily in time of supreme crisis. We tried the experiment once with Cromwell and replaced him by Charles II. and his corrupt ministers—a typically British sequence of choice. When this war is over we shall politely but very firmly shove Lord Kitchener out of the War Office and replace him by an Arnold-Forster. And we shall be right! The profoundest thing in our deep political instinct is its distrust of genius. We use it—occasionally—but we always hate it and distrust it. And we are right. Genius may win an Empire, but only honest stupidity can hold one.

My readers were utterly absorbed by the war. It had gripped them,

shaken them to the bottom of their souls, and thrown them gasping on the bare earth. It was to them a vast convulsion of Nature against which it were as vain to protest as to pass paper resolutions against an earthquake. Where they could see any human figures standing out to be struck at—the German Kaiser, his ruthless officers, the alien enemy in our midst—they saw Red. There were pro-Boer newspapers during the South African war, but had any of our philosophic journalists dared to side with the Germans in August 1914 their papers would have been spat upon and trampled in the streets. Those were great days, to be lived through again and again in the retrospect. I smile now in writing of them, but I did not smile then.

The Russian invasion of Belgium was a great disappointment to me. There was a time when the accumulated evidence, absurd and contradictory as most of it was, grew to be so immense that I almost came to believe that train-loads of bearded Russians had passed through this country on their way to Belgium. For me the legend began very early in August. I was informed by some shipping men that they had chartered several freight steamers to the Government for service between Archangel and this country. The nature of the service was not known. I do not doubt that this information was correct. Russia's communications through the Black Sea were very insecure owing to the German intrigues with Turkey, and her only safe outlet to the west at that time was through Archangel and the White Sea. Russia needed countless details of equipment, and could get them only from France or from us. I do not doubt that there was a large passing to and fro during the autumn of steamers trading with Archangel. From this small seed of truth sprang

in one night the full grown tree of legend, trunk and branches, leaves and flowers. A day or two more and the tree had become a great forest of rumor and a whole nation—though the newspapers were silent—took comfort under the shelter of its branches. For we were just then desperately anxious about the safety of our great little Army, riven by countless hordes of enemies, and driven struggling upon the forts of Paris. The landing of 60,000 Russians at Ostend seemed just the diversion which strategical justice demanded, and we believed what we desperately wished to believe. Again and again I thought that I had confirmation of the great Russian legend. The railways encouraged it, shipping authorities encouraged it, the censorship encouraged it. True or untrue, we wanted the Germans to believe it. Perhaps some day, when the inner history of this war comes to be written—which will not be in weekly parts while it is in progress—we shall know what part the Russian legend played in the swerve of von Kluck from the very outskirts of Paris, a swerve which was the turning-point of the western campaign. It gave us the battle of the Marne, the one decisive battle which changed the whole fortunes of the war.

Meanwhile, the sixteen war correspondents—in whose energies I had a part proprietary interest—were doing unexpectedly well. So long as Belgium was unconquered they had freedom to come and go and even to telegraph. Up to the fall of Antwerp I received daily many good stories. Stories are not the same as news. News are the first curt quick intimations of great events—almost invariably official; stories are the slower and more detailed accounts of those events of which we have already received news. Stories supply the human, the descriptive, even the literary dressing without which the bald curt news are al-



most tasteless. My sixteen gallant ones, chivied from village to village in Belgium, and coldly frowned upon by authority in France, kept up their supply of stories with dauntless courage and persistence. Until—as happened a little later—most of them were deported from France as an unbearable nuisance, they kept up the appearance if not quite the reality of exhaustive information.

I shall never forget the retreat of the British Army from Mons. It lives in my memory alongside the Black Week in December 1890, when telegrams of disaster in South Africa dribbled in hour after hour. Readers of newspapers get the worst in one blow of print; they learn little which is not in print. We get news in dribblets, interspersed by warnings not to publish this or that, interspersed too by private information. We become

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hardened, but now and then even we can be stretched on the rack of anxiety. So it was during the retreat from Mons. Our readers knew little, we knew much more than we wished to know, or was good for our rest in the small hours of morning that we should know. At one time it looked as if our poor gallant Army would be wiped out, and as if it would hardly be worth while to sweep up the pieces. The public will never know, or at least will never realize, the bloody anguish of that retreat, as it was known to and realized by a few of us at the time. Little wonder that we clung to a half belief in the preposterous Russian legend, and strained our mental eyes from the watch-towers day by day, straining for a sight of the dust of the coming of the Army of Versailles. At last it came, but, oh God, how slow it was in coming!

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## ENGLAND.

In times of peace and tranquillity the vocabulary of patriotism is not much used. The old songs are sung occasionally without question; in speeches, lectures, and leading articles, where men are licensed, the old forms are repeated. Many a man who is at all particular about meanings of words leaves alone patriotic and religious phrases, with or without a reservation that there are times when they have meant something and will mean something again. Trouble changes this. The most touching phrase of patriotism in *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* occurs where the chronicler, writing, I imagine, amid the troubles of the Conquest, records the death of Edward the Confessor. He speaks of Edward dwelling in exile while "the Danes wielded the dear realm of England." When Edward the Martyr was mur-

dered at Corfe Castle the chronicler remarked: "Never was a worse deed done to the English than this was since they first sought Britain." If England lies like a vast estate calm around you, and you a minor, you may find faults without end. If England seems threatened you feel that in losing her you would lose yourself; she becomes plainly and decidedly "this dear realm of England"; if you are in exile you may understand how the Roman Emperor in the *Mabinogion* had Roman earth brought to Britain that he might sleep, sit, and walk upon it and keep in health. The old phrases come back alive in war-time. I have heard a farmer's wife refer to England as She. At an ordinary time Henley would say: "Beef, beer, horses, *Moll Flanders*, and the Church of England, the King, and *The Newgate Cal-*

endar—what is there, what could there be more typically English than these?" But writing *Pro Rege Nostro* the same man saw England "with glorious eyes austere, as the Lord were walking near," and addressed her as—

You whose mailed hand keeps the keys  
Of such teeming destinies. . . .

In print men become capable of anything. The bards and the journalists say extraordinary things. I suppose they do it to encourage the others. They feel that they are addressing the world; they are intoxicated with the social sense. But it is a curious thing that they do not talk like this in private, or I am exceptionally unfortunate in meeting the wrong sort of bards and journalists. In a newspaper a bard, and a young one, will address "The 'Nut' who did not go":—

"You're a hero bold,  
My gallant son,  
Though you do not hold  
A soldier's gun.  
For you wave a little flag  
Which is quite a bally fag,  
Though, perhaps, it is a 'rag'  
And rather fun."

But I never happened to hear bard, journalist, clergyman, or woman using this kind of patriotic phrase in private. I have heard a man say, "The soldiers are splendid, aren't they? Aren't they all splendid?" I heard a woman say: "I don't quite know what they mean by England. Sometimes I feel proud, but more often ashamed, though certainly I can't say there is any other country to which I would rather belong." And I am not sure that love of country can go much farther in words, except under the influence of alcohol or a crowd; that is, among those who only stand and wait. It is, perhaps, curious also that I never was in company where any man or woman said that somebody else ought to enlist. When they have expressed an opinion, soldiers and civilians have

said that they cannot understand anyone pointing out his duty to another. I do not conclude that "My Country" and the like are literary phrases, and that men no more use them in real life than they call their mistresses "Lady" in the style of bards of the 'nineties; but I understand the temptation to this conclusion.

While I was trying to learn from other people what they meant by "England" and "my country," I went to a friend who knows his England and is not ignorant of Europe. I did not say, "Why do you love your country?" but I must have used words to that effect. I wanted to know what he felt. Instead, he told me what he thought, now that I asked him. He said: "What quaint idea is this? Reasons why I love England? Do I love England? If I *prefer* England I expect it is merely that I am accustomed to it, that my material welfare is bound up more or less with that of the whole country, that the greater number of beautiful sensations I have enjoyed are associated with its scenery and its people. These reasons would hold good for any other country, if I had chanced to be born elsewhere." (He carelessly forgot that if he had been born somewhere else he would have been a different person, and so on.) "In any case these reasons are not sufficient to make me conscious of any active love of England, in the sense that it would be impossible for me to be quite as happy in any other country—excepting always the loss of old associations." (He forgot to consider how much he possessed apart from associations.)

"All my material interests are here, and since the war started I have frequently been in a blue funk that I should be left destitute." (He forgot to consider how much that would matter, if associations counted for comparatively little; for his country would

have provided him with food, drink, and shelter.) "So I am patriotic—in the sense that I want the Germans to be smashed.

"I am conscious most of my love of myself; that is, not self-approval, but a *constant* solicitude as to my getting and doing what I like and what I think good for me. Are not all Western people like this? We love ourselves, not our country. If I owned a bit of land I think it might make a great difference to my feelings." (Here is a chance for a landowner who wants to manufacture patriots.) "But I don't own any, and in common with the forty-four millions of the dispossessed, I know that I am never likely to. The dice are clogged against us by the capitalists and other cunning monopolists, who, in their turn, love no country but only what they own in it.

"I listened yesterday to a prosperous middle-aged man bullying a booking-office clerk, because our fast evening train from town is temporarily suspended. He was furious about it, as it would mean the loss of, say, half an hour every evening to him. What did he care that the Government wanted extra railway accommodation for a time, in order to ship troops and ammunition in huge quantities? All he was conscious of was that his habits would be interfered with, his dinner a little late every evening.

"This man is a patriot. He says so himself. He has an immense contempt for any enemies of England, and his ignorant, blatant jingoism is an offence to any decent man who happens to share the same compartment in the train with him.

"Are there other, finer kinds of patriots? I don't know them. If by patriots we mean men who wish good to their own country at the expense of no matter what other country, I hope not. For such patriotism is only a high-sounding

name for self-interest, self-preservation." (He forgot that this was what he himself was chiefly conscious of. He was capable of anything, in this mood for applying superhuman standards to everybody.) "*My* instinct is to apply to the whole world Marcus Aurelius's words: 'That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee.'

"In the present crisis I distinguish. I think the good German peoples have been mistaught and misled. Their moral standard is lower than that of their enemies; their victory would mean reaction. I want them, for the sake of the whole world, to be beaten."

I am sure nobody that he or I would bother about can question his patriotism. But he was eager to dissociate himself from sentiment which he thought false. He is a stickler for the meanings of words. "Love of England" seemed to him to mean so much that he denied it to himself and apparently to most others. Being naturally a just man he tried to be supernaturally just with his head. Fortunately I knew even more of his feelings than can be gathered from his last sentences. For example, when he was abroad, he was frequently shocked by the table manners of foreigners, and although he is not supernaturally squeamish in conversation when it is a question of amusement, I remember him condemning the French severely because they used as a technical term for a certain machine, and in print, too, a word invoking an obvious gross image. An Englishman would laugh at the image. A Frenchman was not ashamed to use it seriously, and was condemned for it by the Englishman. Also, I have heard this same man say that often he can't help feeling that our men are the best in the field, though he is anxious not to be deceived by that sort of talk. That is to say, he prefers England and English ways

when it comes to a comparison. It would not be rash to class him with the other man who said that England was a place where "one isn't forbidden to do what one wants to do or forced to do what somebody else wants," and that in spite of gamekeepers; for who ever met a landowner in a wood?

I take this to be the foundation of patriotism. It begins with security. When a woman with a child could cross the country safely patriotism began to be certain. Before that, England was "the island of Britain," "the land of the English race," rather than England, though "England" was used almost as early for this island as "Britain," and the two terms are mixed in the early Chronicle as in the authorized version of the French Yellow Book, which says: "The statement regarding the intervention of the English fleet is binding on the British Government." The poem on the Battle of Brunanburh speaks of Edward the Elder's sons defending "our land, our treasure, and our homes." In the poem on the Battle of Maldon, the earl facing the Danes with his levy says they will defend "this homeland, the country of Ethelred my prince, the people and their ground." Here already is what Wordsworth expressed for the Tyrolese:—

The land we from our fathers had in trust,  
And to our children will transmit, or die:

This is our maxim, this our piety;  
And God and Nature say that it is just!

That which we *would* perform in arms  
—we must!

We read the dictate in the infant's eye;

In the wife's smile; and in the placid sky;

And, at our feet, amid the silent dust  
Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud

Old songs, the precious music of the heart!

Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind!

While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,

With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert

Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

By the time of the Battle of Maldon men had long possessed and often defended irreplaceable things in England. Out of England the same men would have had nothing unless they had a sword. They had begun to realize that without England they were little or nothing: that with England they were "greater than they knew," since, according to their strength and their affection they were part of what Milton says a commonwealth should be, "one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body." Men forgot that the English race came once upon a time to Britain and made it England. They were preparing to think of Britain as rising out of the sea at Heaven's command, with the sovereignty of the sea, as Edward the Third says in Blake's play:—

That Heaven gave  
To England, when at the birth of nature  
She was seated in the deep; the Ocean ceased  
His mighty roar, and fawning played around  
Her snowy feet, and owned his awful Queen.

Two little things in early English history suggest England more vividly to me than bigger things. One is the very stunted hawthorn round which the battle of Ashdown mainly clashed, between the Danes and King Ethelred with his brother Alfred and the Christian host, "fighting for life, and their loved ones, and their native land." Two kings and five earls of the "pagans" fell there, says Asser, who tells the tale; and he had with his

own eyes seen the tree. Incidentally I know by this that the Berkshire down-top there by the Ridgeway was no more wooded then than it is now. But above all it tells me of the making of land marks and the beginning of historic places. Of such things has England gradually been made, not lifted at one stroke by Heaven's command out of the azure main. The other little thing is the hoar apple tree where Harold's host met the Conqueror near Hastings. Here I have a foretaste of the England of Chaucer and of Langland, who, in one book, could speak confidently of such widely separated parts of England as London, Walsingham, Banbury, and the Malvern Hills, and of so many parts of London as Cornhill, East Cheap, Shoreditch, Stratford, Tyburn, and Southwark. There was a man, half-Londoner, half-Worcestershireman, and all Englishman. Even so was Walton, three centuries later, half-Londoner, half-countryman, as he shows in many a passage like this:—"When I go to dress an Eel thus, I wish he were as long and as big as that which was caught in Peterborough river in the year 1667; which was a yard and three-quarters long. If you will not believe me, then go and see at one of the coffee-houses in King Street in Westminster."

Many of the early kings and earls, in the same way, were partly Kentish or Hampshire men, partly, on great occasions, Englishmen. Already, before Langland, a Gloucester man, Robert of Gloucester, had called England "merry" in his chronicle:—

England is a right merry land, of all  
on earth it is best,

Set in the end of the world, as here,  
all in the west.

It was the Merry England of the English people, "full of mirth and of game, and men oftentimes able to mirth and game, free men of heart and with tongue." Whether it would have

seemed Merry England if Robert had been writing in Sussex or Northumberland is not certain. For I take it that England then as now was a place of innumerable holes and corners, and most men loved—or, at any rate, could not do without—some one or two of these, and loved all England, but probably seldom said so, because without it the part could not exist. The common man was like a maggot snug in the core of an apple: without apples there are no cores, he knew well, nor apples without cores. Giraldus Cambrensis put this beautifully in speaking of his birthplace, Manorbier in Pembroke. Demetia, he said, was the most beautiful as well as the most powerful part of Wales, Pembroke the finest part of Demetia, Manorbier the most delightful part of Pembroke: "It is evident, therefore, that Manorbier is the pleasantest spot in Wales."

Throughout English history you have the two elements combined inseparably, love of the place where you "have your happiness or not at all," and a more fitfully conscious love of the island, and glory in its glories. On the one hand Edward Leigh, who lived a hundred years in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, quotes at the end of his advice to travellers these words of Sir Benjamin Rudyard: "France is a good country to ride through, Italy a good country to look upon, Spain a good country to understand, but England a good country to live in." For an Englishman England was the snuggest place under the sun, and he imagined it made for him like a house. Cowper called it the Heaven-protected isle—

Where Peace and Equity and Freedom  
smile,

Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,  
No crested warrior dips his plume in  
blood . . . .

Everything centres round such an isle.  
Wordsworth calls the evening star,



seeing it from Calais as it sets over England, "star of my country." To Hazlitt England was the place for bells and nonsense. "Bells," he says, "are peculiar to England"; and "I flatter myself that we are almost the only people who understand and relish *non-sense*." England was, for Blake, "the primitive seat of the Patriarchal Religion": for (or therefore)—

All things begin and end in Albion's  
ancient Druid rocky shore.

On the other hand, there is a more active patriotism of comparison and aggression. The patriot scorns other lands which he does not know and could not live in: he delights to discover and assert that foreigners living in different houses on different food are inferior to his countrymen. Raleigh answers the question whether the Roman or the Macedonian were the better warrior by saying: "The Englishman." But stay-at-home Englishmen treat their neighbors across the bridge or the hill not much better. The Wiltshireman says that Hampshire is where they held the pig up to see the band go by, and the Hampshireman says that Wiltshire is where they buried the donkey on his back with his feet out of the ground so that they could polish his shoes. The very villages have been honored thus by satirical neighbors: Aldbourne in Wiltshire is where they tried to drown the moorhen, and Wroughton (I think) is where they gave the pig a watch to see when it was time to eat.

A happy nation luxuriates in its differences and distinctions, as a county does in its Selsey cockle, Chichester lobster, Arundel mullet, and Amberley trout. The people of such a nation can taste and enjoy the patriotism of another people, like the Tyrolese, or a bygone patriotism defeated in its own land, as Wordsworth did the patriotism of the ancient Britons:—

Mark, how all things swerve

From their known course, or vanish  
like a dream;

Another language spreads from coast  
to coast;

Only perchance some melancholy  
Stream

And some indignant Hills old names  
preserve,

When laws and creeds, and people all  
are lost.

The more differences a nation has had freedom to preserve or to develop, I should say, the greater the variety of affections it will concentrate from time to time, and as civilization advances the more complicated will be the affections felt towards it by those who know more than one or two holes and corners, by those with the purest culture. There comes a thrill, to-day at least, on hearing so complete an Englishman as Walton say out of the fulness of his knowledge that "certain fields near Leominster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed to make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next and also to bear finer wool; . . . which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a trout in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lousy; and, as certainly, if I catch a trout in the next meadow, he shall be strong, and red, and lusty, and much better meat."

Englishmen are more different from one another than from foreigners who all seem alike: they will quarrel together like husband and wife who know one another's weaknesses yet will turn as one upon the outsider who interferes. For we have gone so far in security, and the idiosyncrasy and pride born of it, that we can criticise and attack not only one another but even the whole, which is at one time a jealous God and at another a kindly nurse; there is no need to be always blindly shouting like schoolboys at a football match.

I suppose a time comes when shout-

ing and waving a flag is the best or only thing worth doing if you are not being shouted or waved for, when one of our national growths, men or ideas, has triumphed. For if there is a patriotism that does not lose its savor by being carried too far over the sea it is one like Milton's where he first praises "the stout and manly prowess of the German disdaining servitude; the generous and lively impetuosity of the French; the calm and stately valor of the Spaniard; the composed and wary magnanimity of the Italian," and then beholds "the nations of the earth recovering that liberty which they so long had lost; and the people of this island transporting to other countries a plant of more beneficial qualities, a more noble growth, than that which Triptolemus is reported to have carried from region to region, disseminating the blessings of freedom and civilization among citizens, kingdoms, and nations." In time of war the differences get sunk, though still one regimental band plays "The Lincolnshire Poacher" and another "Ap Shenkin"; and either we see or fancy some one of our virtues, our beefsteak or our liberty or our regard for small nationalities, being acknowledged in a practical manner by the enemy; or we become excessively conscious of our weaknesses, misdeeds, shortcomings, as Coleridge did when he was in fear of an invasion in 1798, or as Mr. Horatio Bottomley does in the lines:—

Come, comrade, we must answer—and  
let our answer be—

Why is the red blood flowing?—*To  
chasten you and me.*

But right or wrong, if it is a question of existence, it is hardly easier for a man to imagine his country beaten down than to imagine himself dead, and I have heard reasonable, anxious, and careful men say they never have any doubt that we shall win.

A writer in the *Times* on patriotic poetry said a good thing lately: "There may be pleasanter places; there is no word like home." A man may have this feeling even in a far quarter of England. One man said to me that he felt it, that he felt England very strongly, one evening at Stogumber under the Quantocks. His train stopped at the station which was quite silent, and only an old old man got in, bent, gnarled, and gross, a Caliban; "but somehow he fitted in with the darkness and the quietness and the smell of burning wood, and it was all something I loved being part of." We feel it in war-time or coming from abroad, though we may be far from home: the whole land is suddenly home. Wordsworth felt it in the valley near Dover immediately after landing in August, 1802, when he wrote the sonnet beginning:—

Here on our native soil, we breathe  
once more.

The cock that crows, the smoke that  
curls, that sound

Of bells;—those boys who in you  
meadow-ground

In white-sleeved shirts are playing;  
and the roar

Of the waves breaking on the chalky  
shore;—

All, all are English. . . .

Some books can give the same feeling. I took up the *Compleat Angler* the other day, and felt it there. Since the war began I have not met so English a book, a book that filled me so with a sense of England, as this, though I have handled scores of deliberately patriotic works. There, in that sort of work, you get, as it were, the shouting without the crowd, which is ghastly. In Walton's book I touched the antiquity and sweetness of England—English fields, English people, English poetry, all together. You have them all in one sentence, where the Milkwoman, mother of Maudlin the milkmaid, is speaking to Piscator and

Venator: "If you will but speak the word, I will make you a good syllabub of new verjuice: and then you may sit down in a haycock, and eat it; and Maudlin shall sit by and sing you the good old song of the 'Hunting in Chevy Chase,' or some other good ballad, for she hath store of them: Maudlin, my honest Maudlin, hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing too good for you, because you be such honest men." They are all in two sentences of Piscator's: "And now look about you and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells so sweetly, too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of trout": then he quotes Herbert's—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright. . . .

This man knew England and the men who knew England best—Camden and Michael Drayton. Drayton, the author of *Polyolbion* and the ballad of Agincourt was Walton's "honest old friend." There is one other passage which I shall quote, though my subject is not the *Compleat Angler*, because it reminds us how much a man may be lord of that he does not possess. He is speaking of some fields which belonged to a rich man with many law-suits pending, yet he who "pretended no title" to them could take a sweet

The English Review.

content in them: "For I could sit there quietly, and looking on the water see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of various shapes and colors; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows could see, here a boy gathering lilies and ladysmocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May: these and many other field-flowers so perfumed the air that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth. . . ." I believe the man who thought it a "quaint" idea to love England would feel very much as I do about these passages and about Walton altogether. I believe that England means something like this to most of us; that all ideas of England are developed, spun out, from such a centre into something large or infinite, solid or æry, according to each man's nature and capacity; that England is a system of vast circumferences circling round the minute neighboring points of home.

Edward Thomas.

## THE STRANGLERS OF POLP.

### CHAPTER IV.

Then there was an end to such apprehensions as still lingered in the Duke.

It was a spacious two-windowed chamber of the kind technically known

as a bed-sitting-room, its principal article of furniture an old four-posted bed with tasselled hangings, upon which lay in massive length (more than seven feet of this) Apollonius Kragatz, the Chieftain of Polp, his

eagle-beaked profile, vast chest, intricately curled white moustache, and white beard reaching nearly to his waist, all shown up strikingly by the light of a round-globed lamp on a table by the farther side of the bed. His eyes were closed. He was dressed in a frock-coat, black trousers, and common shiny boots, with a peep of purple socks at the ankles. Thus lay in state this dreadful old chief of the Strangers of Polp in a Soho Street lodging over a laundry-shop!

Yet no, he was not dead; for scarcely was this startling impression of him registered in the Duke's brain when he marked a faint undulation of the chieftain's chest, telling of breath still in his vast body.

And then the young strangler of an hour ago came again into the scene, with a recurrence of those bashful confusions which had made him so interesting to the Duke at the Ritz, both before and after his attempt to murder.

"Ah!" said the Duke as softly as one in the presence of death, "I rejoice that I see you safe, my boy. But what is the matter with him?" He approached the bed, and for a few silent seconds viewed the old chieftain's bulk. Then a whisper of admiration, "So this is Apollonius Kragatz of Polp!" stole from him, and he glanced round inquiringly at the young man.

He understood then why Pedro Kragatz was so tongue-tied.

"Oh, don't have any fear of that kind, my boy," he said, gently reproving in tone and look. "I am by myself, of course. What must you think of me to imagine I could do a thing like that? See! I shall shut myself in with you alone. And now, what is it all about? I come expecting to have perhaps to box for you like a—Jack Johnson, let's say, and I find—Ah, but you must forgive. I forget

myself. He is poorly, your father, then—very ill, I'm afraid?"

He turned again to the chieftain, and simultaneously Pedro Kragatz made a quick movement to the head of the bed. There, with his lips close to the monumental old chieftain's ear, the young man uttered a glad-voiced proclamation in the Blenarian language. The Duke caught his own name in it, and that was all; but was soon enlightened about the rest of the communication.

Leaving the unconscious chieftain to himself, Pedro Kragatz stood up and explained, his eyes attractively bright with youthful ardor. "I've told him you are here, sir; but it's no good yet, the poor old man! There was a quarrel between them, sir, when he said, 'I am for the King Ulric,' because—because you were so generous to me, sir, in letting me go. He could not at first believe what I told him, and then it seemed suddenly to change him into a different man altogether. He became so excited, and had words with—I must not mention his name, but he is a Blenarian from Geneva—and he lost his temper, and was choking that man with his own hands when his heart failed, all in a moment, and he fell down on the bed. We all thought he was dead, but he will not die that way. When his heart has rested he will open his eyes, and, I think, be quite all right again. It is not the first time he has had these attacks. My mother has written to me about them, the poor old chap!"

The Duke nodded and nodded.

"Yes, sir, and he'll give his life for you from now, you'll see; the same as I will, if it can do you any good. I'm sure of that, sir. Because you didn't kill me like the rat I was when you had me in your power," Pedro Kragatz went on eagerly.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" murmured

the Duke. He raised his hand to his forehead. "I am not dreaming—no? You are like that in Polp, then?" he asked, with a smile. "You change so pleasantly when the right button is touched—eh? Just tell me I'm not asleep too, like your father, my boy."

"We're a shocking lot, your Majesty, in some respects—downright rotten," said Pedro Kragatz after a moment's hesitation; "but if a Kragatz of Polp says"—

"Ah, just so! I understand that, and it makes up for a great deal." The Duke's smile increased in graciousness. "You make me very happy, my boy, and I shall believe all you tell me, except what you say about being so rotten. But I think I must go now, while I am so happy about everything, and will leave you to do what you can for your father. That is true wisdom—eh, young Pedro?"

He held out his hand, and insisted on its being taken, not kissed as by an inferior. Next he touched and pressed his palm to the nearer of the huge Chieftain of Polp's own knotted hands. "What a magnificent old gentleman!" he said. "I did not think there were such Sons of Anak still to be seen." And to the chieftain himself, "We shall meet, I hope, soon, in Blenaria, my friend.—You must make him well, my boy, and let me know the first thing to-morrow if he is better. Now that's all, I think; so good-bye."

The Duke pinched the arm of Pedro Kragatz caressingly, and strode to the door; then turned and gazed about the room. "I am not yet quite certain that I have not dreamed it all, you know. You do not look like the kind of young man to—to"—He raised his hand to his neck. "You think there is an end of that—eh?" he whispered, smiling and shaking his head.

Crimson with shame, Pedro Kragatz burst forth into passionate assurances on that point. Hitherto he had deemed

it his duty to obey his father's bidding in everything, even to the taking of life and the surrender of his own life. That was the way with sons in Polp, especially the sons of such men as his father. "But after to-day I have my senses the same as an Englishman, and by God and all His saints, sir"—

The Duke held up his hand. "There, there! that's right; cheer up! You will make yourself poorly. I quite understand. It is what we have all to do in this rather difficult world—just keep our senses. Good-bye, my boy!"

Closing the door softly upon the young strangler, whose emotions threatened to choke him like a Blenarian garrotte, he descended the stairs in the dim rosy light of the lamp to the plaster effigy of the Chieftain of Polp's own particular saint. He reached the street without aid or hindrance from the *blanchisseuse's* urchin and commandeered the first policeman he met for the speediest possible assistance back to the tarrying taxi.

"The Ritz Hotel, fast as a witch on a broomstick, my man!" was his gay order to the driver.

Having torn up the now useless note in the car, he folded his arms and seemed engrossed in the lights and traffic of the streets, save at one time only, when, with his hand to his heart, and the talisman still close there, he exclaimed, "Yes, it is a power like no other to a man—a dear woman's faith in him!"

The journey over, he gave the taximan another golden reason to think well of him, and entered the hotel.

"Ah, my dear bull-dog!" he said briskly when Von Enselsing once more hastened to him in the vestibule. "Come! we shall eat our dinner with his Italian Excellency after all if we make ourselves hustle."

All he said else until they were in his dressing-room, and Hans had re-



lived him of his heavy coat with glad eyes, was this, "You are to ask me no questions, my Albrecht; but I shall tell you this without being asked: I have had an adventure. It was like something in a sensation story that fellows spin out of their heads. I don't know, though, that it was so exciting as it might have been. In the newspapers you will find every day much more exciting real things; just as unlikely ones too, although they are true. It is a century of improbable doings, this twentieth. Like *Blenaria*, that is to be our new Fatherland—eh, my good fellow? We must be patient with these people when we get there three or four days from now."

"Yes, sire, we must be patient," said Von Enselsing. He longed for the details of the so-called adventure; but, since he had no alternative, he bided the Duke's goodwill in the matter.

In the corridor the Duke broke into a song, and he was singing still, softly, as if for his own satisfaction exclusively, while he washed his hands, when Von Enselsing reappeared with a telegram.

"This has just come, sire," he declared.

"Open it and read it to me," said the Duke. But he held out his wet hands for it the next moment. "No, give it to me." As he guessed, it was from his and *Blenaria's* queen, and he soon looked up with a smile that was itself a sufficing answer to the inquiry in the aide-de-camp's eyes. "Yes, all goes well over there, Albrecht," he in-

formed him. "They have snow in *Blenaria* this afternoon, though. Just think of that—snow in May down there! I tell you what you shall do. Telegraph once more that all keeps well with us also. Say we have sunshine and spring promise here, in all meanings of the word. You see?"

"Very good, sir," said Von Enselsing.

"Ah, yes; and there's something I was just thinking I would do," the Duke continued, with a sudden laugh. "You know that little lead cross of *Altenfeld*—'For Bravery,' they called it—which the *bürgermeister* presented to me for pulling a little girl out of the ice three winters since when there was no one else near enough. It is the only decoration I shall wear to-night. It will be amusing to see the others ask themselves what it means—a little simple thing like that without any diamonds. My faith! there wasn't much bravery in just wetting my feet; but it is a fancy of mine to wear it, because you know we are going to a country where we shall have to make a show of being brave, whatever we feel like under our coats—eh? But don't you tell any one the story of the little lead cross, or I'll wring your neck like— By the Bones, yes! There, that's all. Go, my good fellow."

The Duke turned and took up the soap-tablet again. The sudden passing of his smile and its equally sudden re-appearance after his pause were a little riddle to which, of course, neither Von Enselsing nor the valet had the key.

*Chambers's Journal.*

THE END.

*C. Edwards.*

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### THE WAR AND THE AGED.

"I am wiser than the aged," said the Psalmist, and most of us think like him. We ask their advice a good deal more often than we take it, and

we may be right. The people of the present must govern the world, but no one leaves the far past out of count; and they are surely unwise who dis-

allow the influence of the immediate past, whose representatives are—a few of them—still with us. Just now their point of view is exceptionally valuable, because they are the only people with leisure to look on. It is only for the really old that life has not changed since the war began. The middle-aged, even if they are too old to fight, must make their minds up to sacrifice if necessary their nearest and dearest, and must do the work of the fighters and, alas! of the dead. But for the very old no such state of things exists. Young friends and grandchildren are not like husbands, sons, and lovers; their loss does not bring despair. As for work, they can do no more. They must sit passive and reflect silently or aloud. If they will speak aloud, what they have to say is worth pausing to listen to, even though we of the middle-aged world are very busy; for the old have come to conclusions, their words will not darken counsel, and above all what they say is interesting because they are frank. Very young people as a rule are only frank with each other. Their elders who are still not old do not always say what they think because they do not know, or because for some reason they think it wiser to dissemble owing to fear of their audience. Old people nearly all know what they think. They have given up the search for truth. Some have found that scrap or aspect of it which will serve their turn; others despair of getting nearer; but both, however illogically, have adopted conclusions, for in old age hypotheses become more like assurances, and cannot always be distinguished from them. In talking of old age we ought, however, always to admit that it is not altogether a matter of years. We have all known those who, having lived to be old, died young. Oliver Wendell Holmes had a friend who was, he said, "seventy years young." Such people

have a kind of sympathy which defies time, and which we can only describe by the clumsy word "companionableness." They are of the same age as their friends, whatever that age is. Their conversation is the most human and informing in the world. They speak to them of the past, not from afar, but from close by. They go with them upon all their quests. They suffer more than the common lot because the pains of mental growth and of physical decay go on together. But they have a certain reward. Fate and time may have left them lonely, but they have a sense of the companionship of humanity. They are never left behind. While they live they form part of the great procession, to be in the midst of which is to be young. But the great mass of the old have come to a mental standstill, and perhaps it is well. There ought to be some part of a community which is at rest. The old know that they will not change their minds any more, so they have no hesitation in revealing them. Courtesy shields them from the worst knocks of controversy, so they are not afraid; and even the most prejudiced among the young will let them say their say. Their influence upon life is no longer direct, so they arouse no jealousy and not much opposition among boys and girls. Middle-aged persons get no such indulgence, and are careful. In the hurly-burly into which the old no longer penetrate times of intense feeling are supposed to favor frankness. They certainly favor violent speech; but for one man who loses his temper and speaks his whole mind ten refrain lest they give offence. Especially, we believe, is this true at the present moment. "If I make such-and-such a just comment on the news," men say to themselves, "some one in the company will doubt my patriotism, or will regard me as a bloodthirsty villain, or will sneer at

me for a coward." There are many people who put every man down for a coward who hesitates to cheer a course of action which will sacrifice more lives to his countrymen than seems to him necessary, and there are many others who scruple to advocate the course which seems to them wise because they are debarred from sharing the risk and distress it must entail. It is not much easier to be frank than it is to be just. So many of us are of necessity moved by some personal consideration—*anxiety, love, money, revenge.* From time to time also huge waves of compunction sweep us away. We do not know whence they come, but, however we mistrust them, they make us think again.

All these considerations have less weight with the old. What is their attitude at this moment? As we have said, they are the only audience properly so called. They should take, one would think, a very calm, impartial view, greatly tinged by a natural wish for peace, and greatly modified by compassion for the multitude. Only the few think thus. If we are to be frank, as they are frank, we must say that they are extremely fierce and extremely romantic. Just now they are nearer to the young than are the middle-aged folk. The two ends of life seem nearer to Nature than the middle. Their patriotism knows no bounds. They are moved to tears by the martial scenic effect. If only they had strength to carry them to the front, they would volunteer, men and women alike, for every forlorn hope. They have an extreme tenderness for the splendid young soldiers who pass their doors, but they think less than the younger generation about their possible fate. They seem almost pitiless in their enthusiasm. Inflamed by a righteous cause, they are willing to stake all on an ideal. They are thorough to a point. They want to stop short

nowhere. They do not like to hear a word of defence spoken for the enemy, not that they hate him, but they want their own cause to be flawless—the cause of angels against devils; and to whiten the devils is to destroy the contrast. True to their theory, they desire that their countrymen should behave as might become martial angels, with chivalry and with daring. They seize upon every story of heroism, they are blind to every hint of wrongdoing. They rejoice over the really splendid conduct of our soldiers in the field "as one that findeth great spoil."

It would seem so natural that all this should be different—so natural that they should put comfort, safety, the gentle life, before honor and glory; and it would be more touching to see them mourning the destruction of that lovely thing, youth. Yet how very noble is this enthusiasm for heroic righteousness. We think the reason of what seems pitiless in their attitude is not far to seek. No one is very sorry for those who are called on to bear that which they themselves endure with equanimity. The nearness of death does not strike old people as intolerably sad—though they feel a strong sense of comradeship with the young who come voluntarily to that marge to which they themselves have been forced. Of course we who are not yet old and live sheltered civil lives say to ourselves that we too may be near death; but we hope we are not, while the old can no longer hope it. The unceasing fire of disease may pick us off at any moment, but we are not in the hottest part of the field. The old are. Again, so far as pain is concerned, few people become old without having experienced a good deal of it, and all but the very worst pains seem very bearable when they are past. There is so much, they feel, to set against the pains and risks the

young are running into. An old man is certain to regret the few opportunities which life offered him. At present it seems to him that a great heroic opportunity has opened before the new generation. He does not commiserate them. He comes near to thinking them privileged. That opportunities for evil come also in as great number, he realizes; but, like Nature, the old are willing to waste. The bad may well be made worse that the good may be made perfect, they think. Lastly, the old are religious. The things of

*The Spectator.*

the spirit overshadow the things of the body, and that country where their life has been passed is more dear to them than when they were young. They are not appalled by the thought of going away from it, but they feel it is the best thing they have to leave to the next generation. They would give anything to preserve it unchanged. What are real lives in comparison to that inspiring abstraction? As we study their point of view we may still be of the Psalmist's opinion; but it is a fine attitude, none the less.

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## WITCHCRAFT.

People rubbed their eyes (if we may use a metaphor that has grown rather meaningless) when they read the other day that a colored woman was to be tried for witchcraft somewhere in Nova Scotia. The announcement seemed to carry one back to as topsyturvy a world as the world of lunatics. It was a world scarcely less removed from our own than the world of Jack and the Beanstalk—a world in which men believed that if you kept a chrysolite in your right ear you were sure to become wise and in which it was possible (as the Mayor of Bâle did in the fifteenth century) to condemn a cock to be burnt alive for laying an egg. It was a world of magic influences and Satanic interventions. Men had not yet invented the laws of nature. They perceived no law in nature save that anything might happen. Children laugh nowadays when they read about the pobble that had no toes and went to sea in a sieve. In the later Middle Ages the pobble that had no toes would have been no laughing matter. No intelligent man would have been surprised to meet him in his perilous vessel in the course of a sea voyage. Practically all the best

scholars and judges were agreed that Satan had both the power and the will to populate the earth with grotesque shapes capable of doing impossible things. The witch riding on her broom through the air was as common a feature of mediæval life as the aeroplane is of our own. The persecution of those unhappy creatures who were supposed to be given to playing devil's games of this kind is perhaps the most terrible stain on the history of Christianity. People have believed in witchcraft in all ages. There were laws against it in Judea and Greece and Rome. But at no time or place in the world's history has there been the same wholesale system of torture and murder of feeble old women as in Christian Europe in the centuries immediately before and after the Reformation. The number of women—it was almost always women who were accused of witchcraft—who were hanged and burned and strangled during this period as witches is to be computed not in hundreds but in hundreds of thousands: some writers even put it at several millions. In 1515 about five hundred witches are said to have been burnt in Geneva alone in

three months. And similar fires were raging intermittently all over the Christian world at the same time. Catholic and Protestant quarrelled over many articles of belief, but they never quarrelled over the belief in witchcraft. Luther believed in it as earnestly as Pope Innocent VIII., who issued a bull against it in 1484. Nothing affords a better idea of the extent to which the belief was accepted even among the most humane and tolerant than the fact that Sir Thomas Browne gave evidence in court against two poor women who were charged with being witches, and was the means of having them put to death. Even after the persecution of supposed witches had ceased in England, we find noble minds looking back regretfully to the past when men were more credulous in these matters. Thus we find John Wesley in 1768 declaring that the disbelief in witchcraft was "in direct opposition, not only to the Bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations." "The giving up of witchcraft," he added, arguing after the manner of orthodox theologians and orthodox politicians in all ages, "is in effect giving up the Bible."

Wesley's appeal to the opinion of "the wisest and best of men in all ages" was by no means without justification. He might have gone further and claimed that there was as great a body of evidence in support of the existence of witchcraft as in support of anything that had ever happened on the earth. Men did not cease to believe in witchcraft because the evidence was against it, but because they gradually got a vague idea that such things did not happen. It is by faith rather than by reason that we have come to disbelieve in a world of witches. As Lecky has said, "if we considered witchcraft probable, a hundredth part of the evidence we possess would have

placed it beyond the region of doubt." But we do not consider it probable. The bias of our mind is against it, just as the bias of the mind of our ancestors was in favor of it. So hostile are we to such a notion that we can scarcely realize, as we read *Macbeth*, that when Shakespeare brought the witches on to the stage, he possibly did not regard them as the arbitrarily invented figures of pantomime which they now seem to be. Shakespeare, it must be remembered, lived in an England in which the monarch on the throne believed in witchcraft as one believes nowadays in electricity. Queen Elizabeth was as superstitious as Dr. Dee, and with James I. horror of witchcraft was a cruel passion. King James was firmly convinced that it was witches who caused the storm that tossed his ship on his return from Denmark with the Princess Anne. A schoolmaster named Dr. Fian was accused of having collaborated with them, and the King himself was present at the tortures by which it was attempted to wring a confession from him. The boot was applied, and the bones of the man's legs broken to pieces. This proving unsatisfactory—we quote this in order to recall what human nature is capable of when it yields to some mad idea—"his nails upon all his fingers were riven and pulled off with an instrument called in Scottish a turkas which in England we call a payre or pincers, and under everie nayle there was thrust in two needels over, even up to the heads." The story was told at the time—indeed, the witch Agnes Keith, the "Wise Woman of Keith" confessed it herself—that when the King was in Denmark Agnes Keith took a cat, christened it, attached to it some of the bones of a dead man, and along with several other witches sailing in their sieves, took it out into the middle of the sea and left it opposite the town of Leith,



with the result that a fierce storm arose. Ultimately both the school-master and the Wise Woman were hanged; and another of the "witches," Euphemia Macalzean, daughter of Lord Cliftondale, was condemned to be burned to death. This case was typical of many that occurred in England and Scotland—especially in Scotland—during that era. Scotland, with an imagination inflamed by belief in an all but omnipresent and omnipotent Devil, set herself with terrible zeal to the task of exterminating the Devil's daughters. So ordinary were accusations of witchcraft, that boxes were put in the churches to receive them. When once a woman was accused of witchcraft, the authorities left nothing undone to prove her guilt. The witch's bridle was bound round her head, with its four iron prongs in her mouth, and she was then tied to a wall in such a way as to make it impossible for her to lie down. In this position she was "waked" day after day, night after night, by relays of men till her spirit was broken and she confessed to the sins she had never committed. Practically all the witches who were burned during the Middle Ages and the ages that succeeded the Reformation confessed their guilt. Who would not in similar circumstances? There were in Scotland people called "prickers," whose duty it was to prick the accused persons all over with long pins, partly in order to keep them from sleeping, and partly to discover that insensitive spot which was supposed to be the special mark of a witch. This was the method chiefly employed by Matthew Hopkins, the famous seventeenth-century witch-finder, who is said to have procured the death of about a hundred "witches" in East Anglia between 1645 and 1647. Another method of "discovering" witches was to tie the thumbs and the great toes of the accused woman crosswise, and then to drag her

through a pond. If she sank, she might be drowned, but at least she was vindicated as a Christian. If she floated high, as she usually did in such circumstances, it was regarded as proof that she had not been baptized and that the water was therefore trying to reject her. Ultimately, this fury of persecution spent itself, and men simply got tired of paying so much tribute to the Devil. The last "witches" known to have been put to death in England were Mrs. Hicks and her nine-year-old daughter who were hanged at Huntingdon in 1716. The last execution for witchcraft in Scotland is generally said to have taken place six years later, but the persecution may have continued a few years longer. In other parts of Europe it lasted longer still. Nine women were burned as witches in Poland in 1775.

Even though the harshest of the laws against witchcraft have long been dead, the belief in witchcraft still survives in all parts of the uncivilized world, and in many parts of the civilized world as well as in Nova Scotia. In London the wealthy believers in witchcraft are only prevented by the police from having an abundance of professional sorcerers and sorceresses to get knowledge and help for them from the Devil. It is odd that society as a whole should still punish witches long after it has ceased to believe in them. It used to punish them for being real: now it punishes them for being bogus. The way of witches is hard. If belief in them survives among the rich and the educated, it is a thousand times more frequent among peasant populations. The Italian peasant believes in the witchcraft of the evil eye far more fervently than in Imperialism, and the witch that steals the butter is still a sinister figure in the imagination of the elderly small-farmer in Ireland. Who that has travelled in Ireland has

not met with a farmer's wife full of the story of how her milk began to yield no butter and how she discovered that this was due to a spell put upon it by some old woman in the neighborhood? It is as a charm against witchcraft that a horseshoe or some other iron object is often nailed to the bottom of the churn or the churn-handle made of the wood of a rowan tree. The belief in the power of witches to transform themselves into animals is also common among country people. Everybody has heard stories of the hare that mysteriously disappears after being shot, while a witch is discovered shortly afterwards not far from the same spot with her leg bleeding. We doubt, however, whether the more serious cases of human transformations into animals are now believed anywhere in Europe. Even in the age of the greatest credulity, indeed, stories of witches who could turn themselves into wolves were widely disbelieved. The fifth-century law of the Sallian Franks to the effect that "any sorceress who has devoured a man should on conviction be fined two hundred sous" reminds us at the same time how strong a hold such fables have had at certain periods on the imagination of the race. In recent years there have been signs of a revival of

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interest in witchcraft; and there is always a danger that interest in spiritualism may degenerate into this. There is very little doubt that the spiritualistic mediums of our day, had they lived in the Middle Ages, would have stood an excellent chance of being burnt as witches. Did not the late Father Benson write a novel to suggest that the spirits which manifest themselves to the spiritualists are devils disguising themselves as one's friends and good angels? And is not communion with the Devil of the very essence of witchcraft? Luckily, even if we accepted this interpretation of spiritualism, the common sense of civilized people would prevent any revival of persecution of those suspected of witchcraft. We have come to feel that if the Devil is at all dangerous, he is least dangerous of all when engaged in his pranks. The Devil who helps an old woman to ride through the night on a broomstick is a genial fellow compared to the Devil that from time to time inhabits our own breasts, and the Devil in the shape of a black cat is good company compared to the Devil in the shape of a black thought. Anyhow, so we tell ourselves. But if we really believed in the broomstick and the black cat, we might easily sing another tune.

## THE DRILL BOOK.

"You seem," said Francesca, "to be profoundly interested in that little red book."

"Hush!" I said. "Don't speak to me, or you'll drive it all out of my head. It wasn't very securely lodged, anyhow, and now it's gone. I shall have to begin all over again."

"What in the world is this man talking about?"

"Francesca, I will tell you. This

man is talking about *The New Company Drill at a Glance*."

"Oh, but you've done much more than glance at it. I've been watching you for half an hour, and you've pored over it, and groaned over it, and turned it sideways and upside-downways, and yet you don't seem to be happy."

"I will not," I said, "disguise from you that I am far from happy. This book contains numerous diagrams

beautifully printed in red and black. Diagrams always make me feel that they are printed the wrong way round, and that I should understand them perfectly if I could only stand on my head or turn myself temporarily inside out. I can't do that, so I try to turn the diagram inside out, or get it to stand on its head. I'm like that with maps, too—but it's not a bit of good. I only get more and more confused. Napoleon wasn't afflicted like that. He just sat down in a barn or somewhere and studied his maps, and then went and won a battle."

"Why drag in Napoleon?" said Francesca. "You're a Platoon Commander of Volunteers, and you're knocked off your perch by a diagram in a little red drill-book. Well, throw it away. Trample on it. Put it in a drawer and forget it."

"How can I forget what I've never known? No, I must go on trying to learn it. I must tread my weary path alone. Francesca, how would you make a line form line of platoons in fours facing in the same direction?"

"I should just ask them to do it, you know. I should appeal to their better feelings and say, 'Now, men, you've got to form a what's his name in fours. I'm sure you won't leave me in the lurch, so get to work and form it; and, whatever you do, mind you face in the same direction.' That would fetch them, I'm sure."

"It would," I said; "and it would also fetch the inspecting officer and all the other big bugs who might be present."

"Well," she said, "how would you and your little red book do it, then?"

"I should inflate my chest and shout out 'Advance in Fours from the right of Platoons. Form Fours—' and there's a lot more, but I've dropped my glasses and can't read it."

"Ha ha!" laughed Francesca. "An officer in eye-glasses! Extract from

Sir John French's despatch: 'At this point a Commander of Volunteers began to order his men to form fours in platoons facing in the same direction, but, having dropped his glasses, he was unable to read his drill-book and was immediately afterwards taken prisoner with his men. This regrettable incident deprives the army of a very gallant officer.'"

"Laugh away," I said bitterly; "pour cold water on my enthusiasm. If you can't think of anything better to do I suggest your leaving me alone with my drill-book, for I'm determined to master it, diagrams and all."

"That," she said, "is the spirit I like. A father of a family, fairly well on in years, is left alone with a drill-book, and sets his teeth and gets the better of it. But tell me, do they really have to do that sort of thing in the trenches?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "they do it constantly. No day can be called complete unless they form line of platoons in fours facing in the same direction."

"I haven't noticed anything about it in the soldiers' letters in the papers. They generally say the Jack Johnsons covered them with earth, but that they fixed bayonets, rushed the last twenty-five yards and got back a bit of their own, and what brave men their officers are. If ever you have to fight I should like your men to say that of you."

"If you really want that," I said, "you must let me mug up this infernal drill-book. If I don't know something about it I shall never be able to face the inspection next Sunday, let alone rushing the last twenty-five yards into the German trenches, which I shall certainly endeavor to do if I ever get the chance."

"Well, I'll give you a quarter-of-an-hour all to yourself, and then I'll come back and hear you say your drill."

"Splendid! That's the way to help a Volunteer."

"Yes, I'll be an Army Corps or a Division or a Brigade, and you shall order me about to your heart's content."

"Good; but if you're not quick  
Punch.

about forming forward a column of fours into column of platoons there'll be trouble."

"I'll form forward," she said, "or perish in the attempt."

*R. C. Lehmann.*

## THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA.

The great Cunard liner *Lusitania* has been torpedoed by one or more German submarines off the south coast of Ireland, and has sunk with a loss of over a thousand lives. Had no single life been lost, the heinousness of the crime, and the intentions which prompted it, would have remained unaltered and unabated. The purpose of the German Kaiser, the German Government, and the German people—for in this matter there can be no division of guilt—was wholesale murder, and nothing else. The object in view was not only the murder of non-combatants, but, as the German Government knew full well, of large numbers of citizens of a friendly and neutral nation. The act by which she was sunk was deliberate, and was carefully planned. The German Government took the astonishing course of announcing their intentions beforehand. The day before the *Lusitania* sailed the German Embassy at Washington published in a number of American newspapers an advertisement warning travellers against travelling in ships flying the British flag, as they were "liable to destruction." The advertisement was clearly meant to deter passengers from embarking in the *Lusitania*, and it is said that individual travellers were further warned by letter or in other ways. The policy of warning was not pursued by the actual perpetrators of the crime, for the Cunard Company state that the murderers gave no warning at all before firing their torpedoes.

The deed appals because it was so ruthless and implacable, and perhaps

still more because it was so useless. It rouses the intensest anger because it makes finally clear, even to the doubters and the indifferent, the hideous policy of indiscriminate brutality which has placed the whole German race outside the pale of civilized communities. There is nothing new in this discovery. We have been expressing such a view ever since the infamous sack of Louvain, and the unspeakable barbarities which accompanied the massacre at Dinant. We said very little about the slaughter at Scarborough and the Hartlepoons, not because those deeds were less heinous, but because we preferred to lay stress upon the sufferings of other nations rather than on those of our own people. By thousands of dastardly crimes the Germans have demonstrated that they are determined to wage this war under conditions of cold-blooded and deliberate murder and outrage, of destruction and brutality, such as the world has never known. In past ages history has recorded many vile and cruel deeds perpetrated in war. Never before, since the world began, has there been witnessed the spectacle of a whole race, numbering many millions, scientifically organized for the objects of wholesale murder and devastation. The sinking of the *Lusitania* is not different in kind from many of the other crimes committed by the Germans in the past few months, and it is perhaps not so bad as some which already stand to their long and blood-stained account. The difference is that it brings home to all, and especially to

neutral countries, the reality of the charges which at first seemed so incredible that many refused to believe them. It is universally seen now that the Germans are a nation apart, that their civilization is a mere veneer, that they have fallen immeasurably lower than their tribal forbears, and that their calculated and organized barbarism is without precedent in history. Nations, we perceive, can sink to unsuspected depths. No nation has ever fallen so low in infamy. Lord Rosebery truly says that Germany has become "the enemy of the human race." There is only one course possible with such a brood, and that is to make them the outlaws of the world.

In every land men and women are asking gravely what the United States Government will do now that the murders of their hapless citizens cry aloud for retribution. Their official words are on record. How, and in what direction, can they seek to make them good? No report can make clearer a crime which is already common knowledge. No explanation can minimize its atrocious character. We shall say nothing which may seem to intensify the heavy and perplexing responsibility resting upon President Wilson and his colleagues. No attempt at direct action, should such a course be considered, could have any very material effect upon the situation. The standing forces of the United States are so small that they could render little help at present in saving civilization from the menace which confronts it. Millions of men are already arrayed against the Kaiser and his hordes of demented barbarians. The German flag has been swept from the seas. The United States Government are far less able to hold Germany to "strict accountability" than we were ourselves when the war began. These are facts which we think it right to record without exaggerating their bearing on the

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decision which must be taken. Among the questions that present themselves to President Wilson's mind is probably the doubt whether any nation which has seen its citizens so wantonly destroyed can continue to maintain friendly and amicable official relations with a Power so sunk in moral and mental degradation. We do not press the point, but we venture to suggest that there may come a stage in the relations between States when a maintenance of diplomatic intercourse may imply condonation of unwarrantable crimes. Whether such a stage has been reached in the relations between the United States and Germany, and whether the ostentatious activities of Herr Dernburg and his satellites have not already strained the principles of neutrality, are matters upon which the Government and the people of the United States are alone entitled to judge. For ourselves, and for our Allies, the Kaiser and his fellow-criminals have already become outlaws. They are beyond the pale, and the stain of their crimes is indelible. What they expected to accomplish by their latest massacre we do not know. We only know that, far from spreading dismay, they have stiffened a thousandfold the resolute determination of the people of this country to avenge the wrongs which have been wrought. Retribution will never be achieved while the war is being fought upon the plains of France and Flanders and Poland. The only way to restore peace to the world, and to shatter the brutal German menace, is to carry the war throughout the length and breadth of Germany. Unless Berlin is entered all the blood which has been shed will have flowed in vain. However long the strife, such is the only permissible end. The Germans will understand no punishment less condign, and to that unshakable purpose all our energies must be devoted.



## GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES.

The text of President Wilson's Note to Germany on the sinking of the "Lusitania" has not been published at the time when we write, but there is no doubt that the unofficial summaries convey its sense accurately enough. It asks that some assurance shall be given that in future unarmed merchantmen carrying non-combatants shall be searched by the German Navy, and that the passengers and crew shall be transferred to a place of safety, before the prize is destroyed. It will be noticed that Mr. Wilson does not make this demand merely on behalf of American ships. He makes it on behalf of neutral passengers who travel in *any* ship. In other words, he quite rightly bases his argument on the legal right, always recognized hitherto, of any neutral passenger to travel in safety in an unarmed ship, belligerent or otherwise. Of course the unarmed ship may be carrying contraband, and, if so, the passengers must expect to see the ship seized and to find themselves carried off to some place other than their original destination. They lay themselves out for the possibility of such treatment when they take passage in the ship, but their lives must in all cases be secure. Such is international law on the subject. Mr. Wilson merely asks that international law shall be respected. After his earlier declaration that Germany would be held to "strict accountability" for the loss of American lives, Mr. Wilson could not have done less than send such a Note. If he had acted literally on his words he would have done much more. He is in the position of a schoolmaster who has said to a boy: "If you break a window I shall certainly punish you. Remember that." The boy then breaks a window, and the master says: "If you break another window I shall cer-

tainly punish you." The ordinary onlooker would be surprised that punishment had not instantly followed the deed. A like surprise may be roused in onlookers at the policy of Mr. Wilson. We ought to add, however, that Mr. Wilson's second warning is more emphatic than his first. In the first he did not expressly speak of the possible loss of American lives in a vessel belonging to a belligerent. He did specifically mention American vessels. He said nothing, on the other hand, which implied that he would overlook a loss of American lives in any unarmed ship, belligerent or otherwise. He now emphasizes the fact that he meant, and still means, to uphold the rights of neutrals to travel unharmed in any unarmed vessel.

Of course Mr. Wilson labors under numerous difficulties. He desires earnestly to remain at peace. But the onlooker may be none the less astonished that he should ever use language which makes the subsequent process of remaining at peace seem like unwillingness to act on his words. Why say anything firm if he does not mean to prove that he is firm? We are examining his policy for the moment only at its superficial value—as it may appear to one who analyzes it literally and on grounds of pure logic. But what we know of Mr. Wilson's temperament, of his previous policy, and of the nature of his Cabinet goes, as a matter of fact, a long way to diminish our surprise. When he tackled the problem of Mexico he spoke in the high and admirable tone of a Puritan who could not tolerate the presence of wrong. He succeeded in removing a "bloodstained" President, it is true, but his unwillingness to use force on any considerable scale brought it about that the place of the bloodstained President was

taken by a number of rivals all of whom are more bloodstained than the man for whose office they fight. We are sure that Mr. Wilson is not at heart a pacifist up to the point at which the logic of all foreign policy is necessarily destroyed; but we believe that Mr. Bryan is such a pacifist. And Mr. Bryan, who is not only Mr. Wilson's Secretary of State, but holds in the hollow of his hand an enormous vote in the West, is indispensable to the existence of the Government. That is one of Mr. Wilson's difficulties which should never be forgotten. His countrymen know his difficulties, and it is plain that they trust him.

The questions that concern us now to the exclusion of all others are: What will the German answer be to Mr. Wilson? and To what action by the United States will Mr. Wilson's Note lead? We take it for granted that Germany will not consent to abandon her submarine campaign against "unarmed merchant vessels carrying non-combatants," for that would mean an entire reversal of her criminal policy at sea. She attaches enormous importance to that policy, and hopes by means of it ultimately to neutralize the existence of our Fleet. Besides, she has dipped her hands too deep in illegality to draw them out now. She can hope to succeed only by further and worse crimes. Opposed to that fact we have the other fact that Mr. Wilson undoubtedly means to keep out of the war if he possibly can. Let us say here emphatically that the British people have not the slightest wish that the United States should enter the war. We hope, on the contrary, that Mr. Wilson will be able to stand apart. There are various reasons why the neutrality of the United States in the war is as helpful to us as her participation would be.

Our discussion of the problem, then, brings us to the following questions:

What steps can Mr. Wilson take to call Germany to order and to protect his own people without actually making war? And if Mr. Wilson does any of these things will Germany allow him to remain at peace? It has been suggested that the United States should express her reprobation of the deeds of Germany by breaking off diplomatic relations. This does not of course necessarily mean war. After the dynastic murders in Serbia Britain had no diplomatic intercourse with Serbia for about three years. Or the United States, while allowing the staff of the German Embassy to remain in America, might rid herself of the extremely embarrassing and disturbing attentions of Herr Dernburg, that eminent missionary of mischief. She would show her indignation by an unmistakable snub. Again, the United States might declare a commercial boycott against Germany. She might refuse either to receive the much-reduced amount of German exports that reaches her, or to send American goods of any kind through neutral ports to Germany. Or she might announce that in future she will help to ensure the safety of the seas by letting American ships of war escort merchantmen through the so-called war zone. Yet again, she might penalize Germany by seizing the valuable German merchantmen which are interned in American harbors. She might perhaps seize them one by one in response to German outrages as they occurred.

Mr. Wilson is above all things a man of conscience, and if war should be forced upon him after he had done everything that seemed to him reasonable to avoid it, he would no doubt feel that he must accept the necessity—again as a matter of conscience. For though American participation in the war might be slight, he would feel that the victimization of his country to that extent was necessary for the

sake of international morality. We recognize that Germany could do little or nothing to injure America, but the Germans argue on desperate and reckless lines. They may speculate on some internal crisis arising in America through a declaration of war, or they may calculate on America being more useful to the Triple Entente as a neutral than as an ally. We used the phrase "slight participation" in the war deliberately, because Mr. Wilson has already given us an example—when he sent ships and troops to Vera Cruz—of his idea that war may be not really war but a fraction of war. On the other hand, if public passion in America forced the Government to enter the war in earnest and not as a Power with limited liability, there is no doubt what America could accomplish with her enormous resources. It is true she would have to create an army. At present her Regular Army amounts only to some eighty thousand men. The National Guard or Militia is not by any means a well-trained or well-organized force. But we remember the genius for military creation which America possesses. No one who has read of the splendid achievements in the making of armies in the Civil War can doubt that what the Americans, North and South, did then they could repeat, and could much more than repeat with their hugely increased numbers. All this, however, is a dim speculation. It presupposes a prolonged war into which America could not seriously enter for many months. If the United States by any act of war

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eventually ranges herself with the Allies, what shall we be able to say except that in the midst of our regrets we shall feel that she could not have done otherwise—that a noble country at last fights for a noble cause because events did not allow her to serve civilization in any other way? In that case Mr. Wilson would no doubt feel that the sacrifice was worth while, and the only thing he would have to deplore would be that he did not recognize the depths of German infamy sooner—that he waited till a necessary protest against the loss of American lives brought war to his doors instead of protesting on general grounds months before against the German attempts to make the civilization of centuries null and void.

Another matter deserves mention. If the United States enters into some relation of hostility towards Germany, we can no longer look for the services which the United States has rendered to the belligerents by her generous and unceasing labors on behalf of prisoners in Germany and by her care for the destitute Belgians in their own country. We fear that we must make up our minds for a change in this respect. We must look for a substitute—perhaps Switzerland. It cannot be helped. To the greater causes the lesser—even though these be also great—must yield. We shall never forget the debt we owe to Mr. Wilson's Government for what they have done. Their labors have been the bright flower of the period of "strict neutrality," now, as it seems to us, definitely ended.

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### WILL AMERICA COME IN?

The eyes of the whole world have been fixed on the United States. For though the dastardly destruction of the "Lusitania" was primarily di-

rected against this country, the whole circumstances of the outrage, and in particular the amazing threat of the German Embassy at Washington,

showed that Germany had deliberately planned to put the neutrality of America to this supreme and barbarous test. When it is remembered that the assassination of the passengers on the "Lusitania" is but the last of a series of recent insults and injuries—the Bernstorff Note denouncing the Government for breaches of neutrality, the attack on the "Falaba," the sinking of the "William P. Frye," the torpedoing of the "Gulflight," the bombing of the "Cushing"—only one of two conclusions seems possible. Either Germany thinks that America is so deeply committed to neutrality and so divided in her nationality, that she dares not proceed beyond remonstrances, and will be satisfied with her half-contemptuous expressions of regret, or else she is indifferent whether America enters the war or keeps out. Now, it is idle to ignore the fact that the general public in this country has felt surprise and even some resentment at the light way in which America has appeared to take her international obligations and even her personal injuries. Two popular explanations, neither particularly creditable, have been widely adopted. America has been represented on the one hand as swayed by purely business considerations, and, on the other, as the paralytic victim of the baser sort of party politics.

Now, nobody who really knows America will accept the commercial explanation as at all adequate. Organized business interests are powerful in the direction of politics. But they could not control, and have not controlled, the conduct of the nation in any great crisis where sentiment and passion are strongly awakened. At the very outset of the war, public feeling in America was divided, and the full significance of the German assault on Belgian neutrality was not realized. But there is overwhelming testimony to the powerful rally of thought and

feeling for the cause of the Allies in almost all sections of the people that has been growing ever since the first tidings of the outrages in Belgium received confirmation. All the communications through the public press, and through private letters and personal intercourse, show that virtually the whole body of educated opinion in America, with the exception of organized German society, enthusiastically favors the Allies. Nor is there any reason to believe that a different sentiment prevails among the less instructed masses of American citizens.

It is, therefore, certain that, when the first news of the "Lusitania" flashed over the Continent, the instinctive feeling of the vast majority of Americans was for immediate war. All communications represent the horror and indignation as far exceeding that which arose when the "Maine" was destroyed. If the Government had immediately withdrawn their ambassador from Berlin, and given Count Bernstorff his walking orders, all sections of the American people would have passionately endorsed the fighting policy. Why did not the Administration take this course? Mr. Roosevelt would, indeed, not have required to do it, for he would have had America in the fray long ago. But three out of four Presidents would have yielded to the pressure.

Something, undoubtedly, must be imputed to the cautious and determinedly pacific disposition of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan. The President, as is evident from his difficult address at Philadelphia, was possessed by the feeling that it was his duty to press with all his immediate weight against precipitate action. In this playing for delay, we think, he had the support of a great number of the serious and responsible citizens, and of a good many of the most instructed publicists. *Hasty*

critics here have, we think, misinterpreted the attitude of caution. It is neither cowardice nor peace-at-any-price, nor the cold calculation of party politics. Much has been said of the power of the organized German-Americans to paralyze effective action. The impudence and energy of their tactics are undeniable. They have done all that was possible to confuse issues and to overlay the truth. But there is evidence that they have overdone their part, and that their attempts to use politics for an un-American cause have aroused a rising tide of popular resentment. Moreover, in number and in influence they have bloated themselves out unduly. The German-born Americans, all told, do not exceed more than two and a-half millions, and though it is estimated that probably one-fifth of the whole population of the country have some German blood, drawn from earlier immigrants, the older Germans have for the most part been so thoroughly assimilated that they can have no real sympathy with Prussian barbarism. Last autumn serious attempts were made to win the co-operation of the Irish-American societies with their bitterly anti-British traditions. Except as regards a fanatical intransigent section, these attempts have failed. The passing of the Home Rule Bill and the sufferings of Catholic Belgium have defeated this attempt to win over saloon-politics to the German cause. It is certainly untrue that the Administration would risk anything in the political sense by a vigorous foreign policy.

It is, we think, necessary to look a little deeper for the explanation of America's caution, which is heavily qualified by the uncompromising argument and vigorous terms of the Presi-

dent's despatch. We do not in this country appreciate the suspicion of entanglement in European politics and European militarism common to nearly all Americans. They hate the idea of being drawn into the vortex of old-world ideals of Government: they genuinely fear the corruption of the democratic practices which such communications might involve. It is this conservative side of Monroeism that has counted heavily for peace. But we doubt much whether such feelings would have prevailed last week, had they not been supported by another consideration—namely, the recognition of their impotence for immediate effective action. In the case of Spain, something vigorous and successful could be done at once. But America is not in a present position to strike Germany. Should she come in, the ultimate assistance she could render would indeed be great, and for a protracted war invaluable. But at present her statesmen know that she could put no considerable body of troops in the field of European conflict this summer, and, except for convoy purposes, her fleet would not greatly add to the preponderance already held by the Allied navies, while the diversion of her manufactures from supplying munitions and stores for the Allies to the requirements of her own military and naval forces would damage rather than assist the general situation. These considerations ought more clearly to be kept in mind by impatient critics of America's policy. Her leaders probably consider that immediate intervention could secure no adequate advantage for her or for the allied cause, and that if, or when, she comes in, she will do so at the moment when the cup is full.



## THE QUESTION BEFORE AMERICANS.

The United States is rapidly approaching one of the decisive problems of its history. German outrages, German diplomatic impertinences, will have to be carried very far indeed before they lead to a rupture in German-American relations, and still further before they precipitate war. That the United States should find a way consistent with its self-respect to avert any such catastrophe ought to be the hope of every sensible Englishman. There is nothing the Allies stand to gain by the co-operation of the United States that would outweigh the appalling injury to civilization that would follow the engulfing of the last great neutral State in this universal whirlpool of war. We have already the unstinted sympathy of the vast majority of the American people, and what it is worth to us may be judged by the frantic efforts of the enemy to deprive us of it. All the Allies rely immensely upon the United States to supplement their own supplies of the munitions of war, and that reliance can only increase as time goes on. If there has seemed something unheroic in the attitude of the American Government, no one who candidly examines the facts can accuse it of the smallest breach of neutrality—a neutrality, as events are daily proving, of the utmost service to the Allies and a source of the bitterest chagrin and of incalculable damage to the Germans. The protests which the United States has from time to time made against our manner of exercising our belligerent powers have caused, I think, a quite disproportionate resentment among the British people. Without exception they have been mild in substance and courteous and even friendly in form—considerably more so, I imagine, than our own representations would have proved had the cir-

cumstances been reversed. Neutrals have rights, and it is very far from being a permanent British interest that they should be abrogated or overlooked; and in the inevitable duty that lies ahead of the world of rebuilding its code of international law the American statements of neutral rights may quite conceivably meet with something like general adoption. We in Great Britain may have some ground for regret as we contemplate what the United States might have done and failed to do. But we have no cause of complaint against any of the positive actions or representations of the American Government, nor shall we, if we are wise, do anything to stir up trouble between the United States and Germany or to make it difficult for the Americans to remain neutral and at peace.

So much by way of clearing the ground. But the United States has two main purposes in this war. The first is the negative one of not being drawn into it; the other the ambition to play a part in settling it and in helping to construct a sounder and saner basis for international relations in the future. There are many Englishmen who are irritated by the mere idea of American mediation for the purpose of bringing about peace. But there is no reason whatever for irritation when President Wilson's hopes and intentions in this direction are properly understood. His expectations, I should judge, are very modest. He has no idea of bringing pressure upon any of the belligerents to force them into premature negotiations. He realizes as well as any man the dangers of an indecisive peace. The utmost he anticipates is that when the right hour has struck the warring Powers may use him as a sort of telephone ex-

change, just as they are using him now, to communicate and get in touch with one another. His services are always at their disposal, but they will not be proffered unseasonably; nor is it in the least likely that the President looks forward to playing anything but a purely formal part in determining the territorial and colonial issues stirred up by the war. Who in the event of an Allied victory is to own Constantinople, what is to be the future of Austria-Hungary or Asia Minor, or the Kiel Canal or the German possessions in Africa and the Pacific—these are matters of no active concern to American statesmanship. They are questions for the belligerents themselves and alone, and the Government of the United States, I feel pretty confident in asserting, has no desire or intention to meddle in them. They may be discussed under the decorative presidency of America, but America will not participate in their settlement.

There is however a larger ambition which many millions of Americans, including probably the President, do undoubtedly cherish. It is that when this war is over, and while the world is in process of adjustment to a new political framework, some combined effort may be made to start humanity on a fresh path and inaugurate a more durable era of peace. We may expect to find the United States earnestly fertile in suggesting Leagues of Peace, disarmament, schemes of arbitration, the abolition of "secret" diplomacy, and so on. And unquestionably there will be something very like a world-wide movement to prevent the recurrence of this immeasurable disaster which is new upon us. But the part to be played by the United States in any such movement will depend on the extent to which the American people within the next year or two are able to get rid of certain inveterate prepossessions, to readjust their political

focus, and to accept responsibilities they have hitherto and deliberately declined to assume. If the League of Peace, which so many ardent and generous minds believe will be constructed out of the wreckage of the war, is to be a real and effective bulwark, it must be prepared to impose its decrees if necessary by force; and if it is to comprise the United States it can only be on the basis that Americans are prepared to co-operate on equal terms with the nationals and Governments of other countries, to shoulder their part of the common liabilities, and to contribute their proportion of naval and military power to the general stock.

This, then, is the supreme problem that is shaping itself for American decision. Is the United States to remain an aloof and secluded nation, washing its hands of Europe, sufficient to itself, or is it to take its place in the council of the Powers and labor with them to ward off future wars? Aspirations and good will and pacific protestations will not in themselves enable Americans to bear their share of the burden, however slight or however onerous it may prove to be, of maintaining a lasting peace. There must be practical co-operation and a readiness to use force when nothing else will suffice. And that implies sending to the scrap-heap many a cherished American principle. It implies alliances and the obligations they entail. It implies the abandonment of the old idea that Europe has one set of interests and the United States another and very different set. It implies throwing over what hitherto has been the guiding principle of American policy, the principle of non-intervention in European affairs. It implies the emergence of the United States from the shell of isolation and its appearance as an actively working member of the family of nations. It implies, in short, what is hardly less

than a revolution in the conceptions Americans have so far held of their place and duties in the general scheme of the universe. That is why this war and its aftermath may prove a turning-point in American history. If the United States is to exert a genuine and first-hand influence in safeguarding and fortifying the future peace of the world, there must be no half-heartedness in American policy, no attempt to achieve by persuasion and exhortation what can only be achieved by force, no throwing out of suggestions accompanied by a refusal to

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guarantee their performance, but a resolute and definite entrance into the actual arena of world-politics and a willingness to undertake the inevitable commitments and run the inevitable risks. American idealism is a great force, and the American desire to assist and to take the leading part in establishing a lasting peace is beyond question. But I sometimes doubt whether the American people as a whole perceive as yet all that is involved in their honorable ambition or the sacrifices they must be prepared to make to realize it.

*Sydney Brooks.*

## BRITANNIA TO AMERICA

ON THE SINKING OF THE "LUSITANIA."

In silence you have looked on felon blows,

On butcher's work of which the waste lands reek;

Now, in God's name, from Whom your greatness flows,

Sister, will you not speak?

*Punch.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Higher Individualism," by Edward Scribner Ames, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Chicago, and Pastor of the Hyde Park Church of Disciples of Christ, takes its title from the first of a series of ten discourses delivered in Appleton Chapel of Harvard University a year or two ago. The sermons are not closely related in theme, but there runs through them the thread of a common purpose in the emphasizing of the claims of religion and a vital faith and large social service upon the men and women of to-day. Houghton Mifflin Co.

If Mr. Ernest Poole's "The Harbor" were not so good a study of the American city and its citizens as it actually is, it would still be remarkable for its keen realization of the full meaning of the word harbor, from the tumbling

gulls to the currents that flow under its wharves and into its docks, bringing it the traffic and the peoples of all the earth. Mr. Poole sees so many of its aspects, the sordid, the poetic, the beautiful, the inspiring, the depressing, and the ugly, that he opens one's eyes to the real poetry of its every day life, and to the tragedies lurking under its luxury and the beauty hidden by its ugliness. The hero, artist, journalist, and author, learns his professions by practising them, and finds the humility, the obedience and the faith of the child as he continues, ending with a word of warning to the nations as to the future of socialism and to the destiny marching towards them with irresistible force. The novel of this year cannot but be serious amid the grim realities pressing upon the civilized world, but "The Harbor" is

original in its seriousness and admirably interweaves its lesson with its love stories. The Macmillan Co.

The title of Sir Conan Doyle's "The Valley of Fear" inclines one to suspect him of poaching on Sir Rider Haggard's African reservation, but the book is a tale in which Sherlock Holmes is pitted against "organized labor," in its most unscrupulous form. It is impossible to accumulate horrors more fearful than those familiar to all acquainted with the chronicle of the Molly Maguires, or the occasional disclosures made in court by Pinkerton men and the regular police, but the practised pen of the skilled author so assembles them that civilized countries seem more dangerous than the jungle. Upon the whole, it is well that the novel-reading citizen of both sexes should be aroused to the possibilities of the criminal, and should discern the power placed in the hands of irresponsible persons by those who cry, "Peace, peace," as they march under a flag inscribed "Let us loot!" The author hints that he may again deal with this topic, but he can hardly treat it more powerfully than he manipulates it in "The Valley of Fear." George H. Doran Company.

The ten chapters which make up "The Early Church" by George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, were delivered originally as lectures before the Lowell Institute, and later before the students of various colleges and theological schools. They deal with successive epochs in the history of the early Christian Church, from the preaching and martyrdom of Ignatius early in the second century to the death of Augustine in the year 430. Dean Hodges understands better than most theologians the art of being compact without being fragmentary, and of being painstaking and accurate

without being dull. The present volume is, in effect, a rapid history of the Church through its most critical and formative period, when it was making its way, through divisions within and persecutions without, to its enduring place among the nations. The narrative is one of vivid and vital interest, appealing to the lay reader quite as much as to the clerical. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The title of Howard D. Wheeler's "Are We Ready?" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) almost presupposes a negative answer. It is at least plain from the outset that a negative answer is in the author's mind, and the reader will find abundant reasons for such an answer before he has read a dozen pages. The exhibit which the book makes of the national unpreparedness, by land or sea, against possible aggression would be ridiculous, if it were not so serious. The circumstantial account of an attack on New York by a foreign force, which has first wrecked and scattered our fleet, is a forecast of possible disaster which may well disturb easy-going Americans; and the difficulty of making any sort of defence with a handful of regular troops, scattered over the country at interior points, and re-enforced by untrained militia under state authority in different parts of the Union, and often held back by local considerations, is vividly presented. Yet, alarming as this presentation is, every detail of it is vouched for by competent military authorities as entirely possible. From the sane and sensible Introduction by Major General Leonard Wood to the recapitulation in the last pages of the things needing to be done, the book deserves careful reading and thoughtful consideration; and it is the more likely to receive both because it is not overloaded with technicalities but is so written as to be easily understood by

the man in the street. There are twenty-eight illustrations.

"Elbow Lane," by the author of "Altogether Jane," has no illustrations, but on its jacket is a drawing by Oliver Herford which the lover of good art will paste inside the volume, where it will be preserved unspoiled, and serve to mark it as a first edition. The anonymous author tells the story of a girl and of her three lovers, the boor whom she scorned, the consumptive who taught her, and her worthy mate to whom she rather tardily gave herself. There was a fourth man, but he was a mere stop-gap, and probably others appeared on her prolonged journey from moulding dough to chipping marble, a female Michelangelo, but they are only conjectural. Drusilla Vettori manages the four so well that no doubts of her discretion can be entertained. Besides, all readers of any susceptibility are her lovers from the beginning. An oppressed child is irresistible and the worst of the abused Drusilla's juvenile trials is not revealed until the climax of the book is almost reached. Both in her method of wooing and in her pursuit of art the heroine is modern but she is never unwomanly. Mitchell Kennerley.

"The Taming of Amorette," by Anne Warner, tells how a wife with an overpowering tendency to flirt was cured by a clever husband. The principle which Geoffrey Girard employed to make Amorette lose interest in a life of continued conquest reminds one of "The Ladies' Shakespeare," in which Barrie would have us believe that it was Katherine who tamed Petruchio, instead of the conventional interpretation of "The Taming of the Shrew." Girard assumed not only an interest but an eagerness in having Amorette meet her former lovers as often as possible and in permitting her the utmost freedom of action. The situa-

tions are amusing and the dialogue is sprightly. That a man with Girard's power of self-control and inflexibility of purpose would be as hard to find in this world as a philosopher's stone does not detract from the quality of the book. It is a comedy, pure and simple, and while as such it does not pretend to interpret life, it contains occasional truths that are none the less profound because their presentation is humorous. Little, Brown & Co.

Twenty-two years of the world and of the practice of literature have changed the E. F. Benson who wrote "Dodo" into the middle-aged man who now puts forth "Arundel," a novel of music and of widows and widowers, seeking and finding consolation. Between the art and the married folk, the maids and bachelors suffer much before they themselves come to the holy estate, but only towards his heroine, Elizabeth, does Mr. Benson show any kind dispositions. She is a really noble creature to whom a youth spent in India has given a vast contempt for the flannelled fools of peaceful England, and genuine respect for the trained and perfected servant who rules the British Isles by virtue of being indispensable. The musical passages do not suggest "Charles Auchester," or its myriad imitations, and the musicians are private persons. The difference between them and the men and women of their world is that they live, act, suffer and grow, instead of existing in a state of perpetual simper, like the ladies and gentlemen repeating their journeys to the altar. Mr. Benson and he only knows whether a reference to the real Dodo lurks in this inclination to scoff at blameless folk willing to accept St. Paul's advice, regardless of St. Monica's example. "Arundel" is original, delicate in satire, and distinguished in style. George H. Doran Company.